

The Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine



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Special May Day
Number

No. 744, Missing
in Action

The Meaning of
Revolution



Maurice Becker

PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

May Day Song

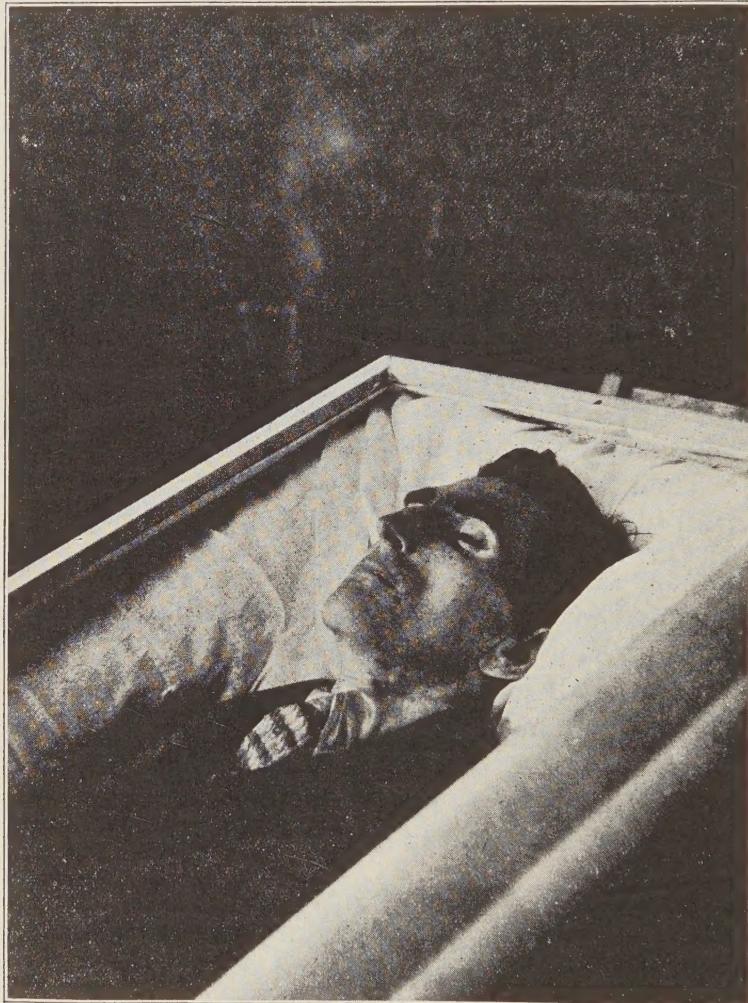
(AIR: "Flag of the Free")

By RALPH CHAPLIN

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,
 Welcome and honored on land and sea.
Winter so drear must disappear,
 Fair days are coming for you and for me.
We, of the old world, building the New,
 Ours is the will and the power to do;
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—
 Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,
 Hated and feared by the powers that be!
In every land firmly we stand;
 Men of all nations who labor are we.
Under one banner, standing as one,
 Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—
 Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,
 Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—
 One mighty Union of world industry.
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,
 Ours is the hope of the whole human race.
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—
 Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!



William Weyh

A member of the I. W. W. Served loyally and faithfully the working class until the day of his death, March 7, 1924, from tuberculosis contracted in Leavenworth Penitentiary. His illness was made fatal by the neglect of prison authorities. He was one of the Chicago Defendants, sentenced to five years.

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by VERN SMITH

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Vol. II.

MAY, 1924

No. 1.

International Labor Day

WINTER is a repression, a fettering, and a sleep for all things that live.

Winter is the time of crystalline beauty, yes, of ice, and snow, of fantastic things, but of stillness. The seed lies unsprouted, the cold grain is buried in the frosted earth, the stream is silent, gripped by an icy clutch, all wild animals move slowly, and sluggishly, or move not at all. It would seem to a creature whose life were not longer than six months, that this stillness, quietness, this deadly order, like the regularity of the tombstones in a cemetery, is a thing that must last forever, and probably has lasted forever. Just as a college professor regards the capitalist system would such a creature regard the Winter.

But this is May and about this time of the year a change takes place. The queer old world swings over, and the sun is closer. The seed that was cool and sleek as a stick of dynamite bursts, and with irresistible force cuts, pries and upheaves—there appear green and growing, expanding, living things where but a few days before was only torpidity and stability. The bare and beaten branches of old brown trees take on great glory, and the scent of leaves and of flowers spreads over the land. It is a revolution.

*

Prisoners in their lonely cells peer out past polished bars and painted gratings, look out over barren earth quadrangles, and from their fortresses of masonry and steel which enshroud them as cocoons envelop silk worms, see distant hills once as white and sterile as the whitewashed

cell houses, shed their palls and become energized. Heat is energy, sun's heat is life, and the prisoner reacts with a deeper breath and lighter heart. Hope springs again; he looks and listens eagerly for the news of marching thousands on May Day, for the tune of the Internationale—in his mind's eye the Red Flag flaunts itself in the dawning sun, and spreads along the Western sky at evening, victory perched above it, and the name of a new society written on its ample folds.

*

Just so, we prisoners of the system. No bars of steel constrain us, but the impalpable bars of custom and law cut across our pathway and keep us pent like driven cattle, lowing for pastures we may not tread upon. We are worried and harried treadmill slaves, who turn and turn and strive and strive, always along the little runway the master has prepared for us, always grinding the grist of others, and shrinking from the lash, the whip, the spur of necessity, from the stern command of those who are wardens in the bleak jails of industry.

Even as the chill of Winter lies over all Nature, so does the fear of our Master lie over the whole of industry, pervading all crevices of our minds, choking the noble heart, and making it to beat slowly, chilling the generous imagination, and tuning it to the deadly monotony of the business man and the hack. Fear is our ball and our chain, ignorance clutches at our legs like a shackle; despair is round our throats like the collar of a serf, and over all is the pall, the cloud, the monotony and dull

order, the restraint of the system. We are no less frozen than December, no less prisoners than the numbered men in San Quentin.

*

We need revolution; the world needs recurrent revolutions; all progress is by waves, and this is the ebb tide, and the space between the waves. It is hard to break old habits of obedience, and we have no sun, as the seeds have, to burst off our cramping shell, and let the new society flourish and grow great. We may know, in a dry, statistical way, what is wrong. We may think about class struggles, but man does not advance by thought alone. We are creatures of tropism, suggestible creatures, we will not do things because they are logical, or because they are correctly thought out. We must think, that is true. He who does not think hardly exists. But we need emotional reinforcement. We need something hotter than cerebration, something more generous than a syllogism, something with passion and drive in it.

*

The time has gone by when revolutionists thought that the enunciation of the truth would alone be sufficient to set us free. We do not any longer shout with Stirner, "I blow my breath, and kings and empires totter." We know enough psychology now, if we have not learned anything else in the last few decades, to realize that men, even working men, are prejudiced things. The thought, the theory that seems good to them, that they can readily believe, that they do believe, is the thing that is habitual with them, so long as it be not too obviously challenged by material circumstances. This makes of them a great, dully resisting mass, full of opposition, not logical but psychological, always passively, sometimes actively, resisting the new thing, even if it is for their own interest, always afraid to take economic power into their hands, afraid to use such social power as they may happen to possess, delaying until the very last possible moment to open their eyes to the inference of their surroundings, when these inferences contradict the teachings of their youth.

The few forward spirits that the world calls radicals, the far-sighted, the fiery, the impetuous, hack and lunge at this clogging, obstinate force of conservatism, until they are worn out. Then they become "tired radicals." When a "tired radical" falls in with any progressive or revolutionary zealot he feels ashamed of himself for

quitting, and looks around for excuses, which, of course, any intelligent person can find. At least he can find excuses good enough for himself, and on the basis of these reasons for being against radical action, he usually builds farther and farther to the right until he ends as a reactionary, maybe as a Mussolini, or a Rossoni.

We must, therefore, in self-defense, deliberately give ourselves up occasionally to an emotional bath, that will cleanse the battling mind of the dirt and sweat, the poisonous vapors of the detailed fight with reaction. Who goes to May Day celebrations this year will not be a "tired radical" for two years to come. We are able, quite consciously, to give ourselves the emotional energy that will sweep out for some time at least the petty discouragement and gnawing weariness of the every day struggle. On May Day those who have been for too long a time too close to their work can step back and get a perspective, forget the resentment towards other fellow workers, and broaden out.

Our pagan ancestors celebrated the first of May with green boughs and bay leaves, with mistletoe and the May Pole, a beautiful symbolic representation of the resurging of life.

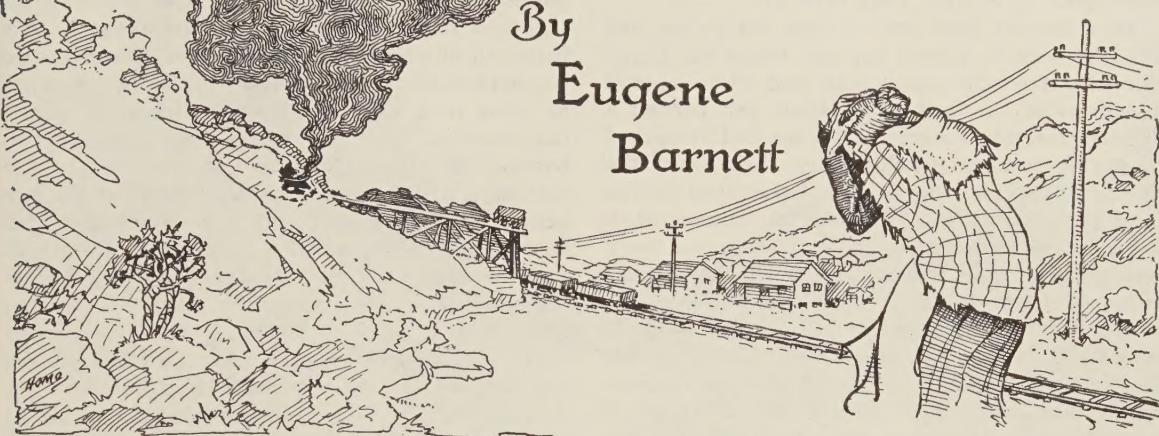
For us, who live in a sterner age, our color is red. The green love of nature that inspired primitive communism may come again, but the way to it is signaled by the red flag of international working class solidarity; it is a hard and glorious road to a goal already within sight.

The first of May is when we practice revolution—millions of men in Europe and the Americas will lay down their tools and divest themselves of the livery of slavery; the great processions will wind thru cheering streets, and red flags will flaunt themselves by thousands and thousands in hundreds of towns never heard of across the seas. May Day is a gigantic demonstration of the solidarity in spirit of the rebels of the working class, however they may differ in organization theories and tactics. May Day is the emotional reinforcement that makes possible another year of revolutionary deeds. May Day is the sun of freedom, the burst of color and of growth; it is one more wave thundering against the rotten citadel of capitalistic oppression—make the waves come stronger and stronger, each year greater than the last, until the bars and the bonds of all prisoners are struck away and the red flag waves triumphantly over "the commonwealth of toil that is to be."

Nº 744 MISSING IN ACTION

By

Eugene
Barnett



This Bit of Fiction Offered to You by an IWW Class-War Prisoner Is a True Description of Coal Mine Life

IT was seven o'clock a. m. in the little mining village in Somerset County, Pa. A beautiful glow was in the eastern sky, heralding the rising sun and giving promise of one of those balmy Indian Summer days that reach perfection in Pennsylvania. The low rolling hills were gray and brown and the woodlands were resplendent with the gay colors of Autumn, the beech, maple and dog-wood leaves having changed to the most gaudy colors, while the other hardwoods rivaled the rainbow with their various hues. To all this the hemlock, spruce and pine furnished a background of evergreen that blended so harmoniously into the picture that an artist would have turned green with envy, or been driven into ecstasy on beholding such exquisite beauty, which he might forever strive to imitate but could never equal.

The "Chickaree" as the pine squirrel is called in Pennsylvania, scampered through the leaves in quest of nuts for his winter's store or perched on the stub of a dead limb of some tree and gave voice to his chattering song for the sheer joy of being alive in such a beautiful world on such a glorious day.

But, alas! All hearts were not as light as Chickaree's on that wondrous morning. The first "man-cage" had disappeared into the bowels of the earth with its human freight of ten souls. Men were grouped around the mine shaft awaiting their turn to be dropped into the subterranean darkness. In a minute and a half the cage would reappear and hesitate for a moment while ten more miners would crowd onto it after which it would again drop into the darkness like a plummet dropping into the dark depths of the sea. Men were coming from all directions and joining the waiting group at the shaft gates. As each newcomer arrived he went to a large board on the

power house wall and picked a brass check bearing a number from among the hundreds of checks hanging on hooks on the board. Many of the old miners placed that check in their wallet as carefully as you would a twenty-dollar goldpiece, for well they knew that before the day was done that disk of brass might be the only means of identifying their mortal remains.

There were many small boys among the men. One little fellow, smaller than the others kept looking wistfully at a group of boys playing ball in a school yard on a hill near the mine. He knew the boys and could identify them even at that distance. There was the Super's boy at the bat, the Doctor's boy on first and the boss's boy was pitching. One by one he picked them out and they were all of the privileged class, not a miner's son among them, for Somerset was non-union and fathers were forced to take their boys into the mines as early as possible to help make a living for the family. "Liberty and justice for all" the boy thought bitterly as he looked at the Stars and Stripes waving over the group on the school ground and then at the deep dark shaft with the smoke and steam rising out of it into the fresh clear air.

The little boy was of fair complexion with finely moulded features, big blue eyes and light brown hair. He was of slight build and although he was nine years old he did not appear to be more than seven. The miner's dinner bucket he carried hung down almost to his ankles. He had been born in Tennessee and he had often stood at his grandpa's knee and listened to how his great-grandpa had stood barefooted in the snow at Valley Forge and fought the "Red Coats" to free America from the tyranny of a foreign king. He had been told of how his great-grandpa had been one of

those mountaineers who had done such deadly execution with their old, long muzzle-loading squirrel rifles that a British general had reported to 'is Royal 'ighness across the sea that "The Americans don't fight fair. They take aim."

Then he had been told of how his father had left Kentucky as a small boy and joined the Union forces to free the black men and drive chattel slavery from the land. His father had carried a drum in Sherman's march to the sea and he told of "How the turkeys gobbled when they heard the gleeful sound. How the sweet-potatoes even started from the ground. How the Darkies shouted when we marched through the towns while we were marching through Georgia." While all these stories were passing thru the boy's mind and he was gazing wistfully at the boys on the hill or at the woodland he loved so well, it came his turn to go on the cage for the sudden drop into the dark recesses of the mine. But his attention was so absorbed with his thoughts that he did not notice that the men ahead of him had gone onto the cage until a coal and iron policeman sprang from behind one of the huge timbers that supported the tipple and which he had been hiding behind listening to the conversation of the men, trying to catch some miner grumbling over the many grievances they all had against the company. The big burly guard grabbed the little lad by the shoulder and shoved him roughly toward the waiting cage, cursing him profusely and ending the tirade with the query, "What in hell wuz ye ganderin' at?"

The little fellow made no reply. The abuse had bewildered him and besides he knew from past observation what happened to anyone who attempted to talk back to these armed mercenaries of the coal barons. He was so flustered he did not even shudder—as he usually did, when he saw the signal given for the cage to be dropped from beneath his feet. Somehow he never could get used to that cage and the sudden drop into the mine. It always seemed as if his body fell faster than his intestines, so that they seemed to rise up inside of him about a foot every time the cage dropped. As the cage got below the surface of the ground and all became inky blackness, one of the miners blurted out his just indignation against the guard who had man-handled the kid. "The damned beast couldn't do that in an organized camp," he said.

"Hush, Pete," whispered a miner near him, "You know that is how old man Stone got murdered last month—talking union. I tell ye ye can't tell who to trust in this camp."

Fifty feet from the bottom of the shaft the falling cage was checked in its swift descent and slowed down until it finally came to rest on the two wooden sills at the bottom of the shaft. Electric lights strung along the roof for a distance of two or three hundred feet made it quite light and miners were grouped around the lights priming their carbide lamps, preparing for the two or three

mile hike to their working places. The little lad adjusted his light and trudged off into the darkness.

Half a mile in he found the "stone gang" already at work cleaning up a fall of rock which must be gotten out of the way before the motor could take in a trip of empty cars for the diggers. The little lad climbed over the fall and passed on up the dark entry alone. At the end of two minutes he came to a large oak door of double thickness that reached from rib to rib and from top to bottom. A canvas flap was even fastened to the bottom of the door to keep any air from passing under it. The big door was what is called a trap door in the mines and his job was to keep that door closed as much as possible. For every minute the door was open the air current was broken and the lives of the diggers farther in the mine made more miserable by the accumulation of smoke and foul air in their working places. So he must only open the door long enough for the motor to pass through with its trip of cars and then close it again. Never must he allow himself to fall asleep during the long intervals between trips which to him all alone with his dim little light seemed doubly long. For then the motor or a runaway trip (as often happened) might run through the door and break it. He put his bucket in a niche in the rib then busied himself digging the coal from under the bridle of the latches where the track branched off into another entry.

At last noon came. The last trip before dinner had gone out. The BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! of the first shots had already set the air aquiver. At every BOOM! the trap door would vibrate against its jambs and rattle as the very air surged back and forth jerkily. The little lad had seated himself on an empty powder keg behind the door, with his bucket between his knees. The big miners were coming closer in the gob (rock piled along the side) and squealing for a part of his lunch. One old fellow was squealing angrily and chattering his teeth in a menacing way. The boy pulled the rind from a strip of bacon and threw it to him. Just then a windy shot made the old mine rock and half a second later a terrific explosion swept through the mine tearing the big door from its hinges and hurling it on top of the boy. A minute later a second explosion a hundred times more terrific than the first roared through the mine carrying cars, timbers, ties and huge lumps of coal before it.

When the heavy door hit the boy it stunned him and he lay under it unconscious when the second explosion came. The fact that he was still under the door when the second explosion occurred probably saved his life. When it roared through the dark passages of the mine lighting them up with the fiery glow of a blast furnace it snatched the door off the boy and smashed it to smithereens against a row of props a few yards down the entry.

(Continued on page 29)



Pulpwood on the Michipicoten River. It is floated 120 miles to the Soo and the paper mills.

Canadian Pulp Wood

THE INDUSTRY THAT PRODUCES THE CONTINENT'S NEWSPAPERS

By E. L. CHICANOT

IF the millions of fertile, cultivated acres in Canada were suddenly to lose their fruitfulness, if the prolific fishing grounds off both coasts and the inland waters should unaccountably dry up, if all the fur-bearing denizens disappeared from the woods, and the exploitation of the great and varied mineral wealth ceased, the Dominion of Canada would still occupy a prominent and enviable position in world regard, and especially in that of the United States, by reason of the magnificence of her forests. This is particularly true because every day these wooded fastnesses are coming to a greater extent to supply the raw material which enters into the manufacture of the newspapers read in every city and town of the United States.

In the glorious expanse of Canadian forest, stretching from coast to coast, lie the continent's last extensive timber resources, and the source of

its newspapers for the next century. In the lavish and prodigal manner in which the United States has treated her own immense timber wealth lies the cause of the Republic's necessity to look across the international border for her present and future supplies of wood and wood products. Very largely it is this insistent and never ceasing demand which has developed the Canadian pulp and paper industry into the Dominion's premier industrial activity.

Canadian manufacturing industries, for the main part, become dwarfed when compared with similar activities in the United States or Europe, but this is not true of the pulp and paper industry, of which any country might be proud and Canada is justly so. In its every phase it is a mammoth industry in which nothing of expense in construction or engineering, nothing of human conception or endeavor has been spared. The world's largest single newsprint mill is at the plant of the Abitibi Com-

pany at Iroquois Falls, Ontario; the fastest newsprint machines are those of the Laurentide Company at Grand Mere, Quebec. The world's largest ground wood pulp mill is owned by the Chicoutimi Company at Chicoutimi, Quebec; and its largest kraft mill by the Wayagamack Company at Three Rivers, Quebec.

The Canadian pulp and paper industry is the first manufacturing activity of the land and is only relegated to second place by agriculture among all the sources of Canadian revenue. In the export trade of the country it has come to take second place to agricultural products, even animal products giving place to it. At the present time it is practically impossible to determine to any approximate extent just what relative position it is going to occupy in Canadian economics, for despite its premier importance it is anything but staple, but continually expanding. Considerable increases in the various capacities took place in 1923, whilst others are under way, and still others projected for the immediate future.

The forests of the United States were so rich and boundless, so inexhaustible in any but expert opinion, as the demand for newsprint and other paper products increased, pulp and paper plants sprang up so profusely in every wooded sector, that the Republic reached a position in the industry where it seemed she would remain supreme for all time. But lavish usage, criminal wastage, and an awakening to the needs of conservation that was too late, played havoc with such terms as "inexhaustible," and at the present time Canada is, in one phase of this industry at least—newsprint production—rapidly overtaking the United States, and in the output of other pulp products the United States maintains her premier position merely through drawing heavily upon the Dominion for the raw materials.

Paper has actually been made in Canada for over a century though the actual development of the industry has taken place within the last forty years, its real birth synchronizing with the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1881. Its rapid growth may be briefly summarized in the facts that in the four decades concerns making pulp and paper in Canada have increased from 5 to over 100; the invested capital from \$92,000

to close upon \$400,000,000; the number of persons employed from 1,000 to more than 30,000; and the annual value of the products from \$122 in 1890 to \$160,000,000 last year.

The Canadian pulp and paper industry is increasing so rapidly that it is a most difficult matter to keep accurate track of it. The government statistics for the year 1922 show that there were 104 plants throughout the Dominion in that year in which there was a capital of \$381,006,324 invested. This latter was divided among the provinces as follows:—British Columbia \$32,763,965; New Brunswick \$16,310,952; Nova Scotia \$6,667,234; Ontario \$133,749,364; and Quebec \$191,514,809. It is thus made clear how the industry has come to cover the entire Dominion in its scope, mills

being located in every province from coast to coast where suitable timber resources are found. Even the so-called Prairie Provinces, with relatively small timber resources, have been called upon to aid the industry and 1923 saw the first prairie mill located north of Winnipeg.

It is interesting to note that while the Canadian pulp and paper industry has largely been built up to its present important status through the United States demand for its products it still remains an essentially Canadian industry. In 1920 when a census of industries was conducted by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics the total value

of securities of incorporated joint stock and incorporated companies in pulp and paper industries was \$294,551,000. Of this it was discovered that 69.5 per cent was held in Canada, 20 per cent in the United States, 7.4 per cent in the United Kingdom, and 3.1 per cent in other countries. Thus, contrary to popular conception, the Canadian pulp and paper industry is largely operated by Canadian capital.

Just what this United States demand has become is made evident in the trade figures of the last calendar year. The value of the pulp and paper exports of Canada in 1923 amounted to \$140,798,453, as compared with \$115,863,742 in the previous year, an increase in value of \$24,934,711 or more than twenty per cent. The greater part of this increase was accounted for by newsprint which increased from \$68,362,817 to \$85,611,258,

(Continued on page 33)



An incident in the life of a marine worker.

MORE stories have been written about sailors than perhaps any other group of workers and these stories have run the gamut of love, adventure, murder, piracy, romance, and in the last few years, since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, rum smuggling has been a favorite theme for the imagination of our fifteen cent magazine writers.

If the stories have not been written around the captain's beautiful daughter, whom some low ruffian wanted and incited the crew to mutiny in order to carry out his brutal designs, only to see them fail because of an heroic college graduate who is sailing before the mast for adventure's sake, they have been about some "bucko" mate or hard-boiled captain who made the crew understand that they were kings and masters on the high seas. During the last few years, since the MTW of the IWW has made itself felt in the marine industry, there have also been a few stories by doubtful authors about the terrible "bolsheviki" or agitator who tried to take possession of the ship but did not succeed because some of the one hundred per cent Americans in the crew would not stand for it. And so on, ad nauseum.

These are the stories read by the workers ashore and consequently they gain a very false impression of life on the rolling deep. They come to believe that a sailor's life is one continuous round of pleasure and excitement; balmy breezes, dark-eyed señoritas, palm-fringed lagoons, fine weather, brave, firm officers, who always treat the men fairly and justly—in short, a bed of roses.

Nothing would give us greater satisfaction than dispelling these illusions and getting the real truth about the life of the marine slaves before those who serve the master ashore and in this article we attempt to depict the hardships of a sailor's life and show conditions as they really are. We will also try to present a few contrasts showing the difference between the quarters and living conditions of the men who sail the ships and those who, having sufficient money, take pleasure trips on Mother Ocean.

Whenever any of the latter class decide to pass the time aboard one of the liners which plough majestically through the ocean in a hundred different directions, they have for sleeping quarters a nice, comfortable stateroom similar to the one shown in the picture on the next page. After they have gotten their sea-legs and are able to appreciate food, they take their meals, and they are always good ones, in a dining room similar to that shown in the picture to the right.

While they are eating or resting after one of the big meals their thoughts may turn to the "tramp"

"Oh, for the Life of a Sailor!"

By Publicity Committee,
New Orleans Branch,
MTW of IWW



While the sailor braves the stormy sea, the parasites going down to Cuba for their year's supply of Haig & Haig are feasting and flirting, clean and dry.

steamer they can see in the distance; they may feel better after seeing her; the ocean is a lonely place and a ship seen after two or three days' gazing at an empty wilderness of water gives one a feeling of confidence. Their thoughts may turn to the men toiling on the deck and in the stoke-hold of the cargo tramp and being full of stories of the sea and sailor life, they may wish that they, too, were aboard her as she plugs her monotonous way across the trackless waste, living life in the raw, and enduring like the heroes with whom they have become acquainted through the columns of the fiction magazines.

A Chasm Between Classes

But if they were aboard the tramp their ideas of the romance of a sailor's life would receive a rude shock. If they had to sleep on the foc'sle head, like the sailors shown in the picture, in order to escape the vermin-infested, filthy quarters provided for the men who toil aboard ship, they might not think life on the ocean wave was such a romantic proposition after all. If, when they needed food to furnish energy for mankilling toil in the stokehold or long hours' labor on deck or at the wheel, they had to wade across a deck waist-deep with water in order to get to the galley instead of having that beautifully appointed dining salon in which dainty tid-bits, guaranteed to tickle appetites of jaded parasites are served; sailing as a life work would go down several more notches in their opinion. And if they had to eat the grub



The Luxurious Quarters of the Crew—Too Hot to Go Below.

usually handed out to seamen, you can gamble that back on the liner they'd wish to be.

Yes, friends and fellow workers, the life of the men who "go down to the sea in ships" is a little different from that described on the pages of our fiction magazines; and it is also a trifle different from that of the passengers on the liners.

In contrast to the enclosed promenade deck of the passenger ship we have an open, wave-swept deck, as shown in the pictures, to cross in order to get to our work; for no matter where our work lies there is no other way to get to it. There is no escape for us; between foc'sle and galley, between "lookout" and wheelhouse (if there is a wheelhouse) we must face that open deck.

Then, if you still think that there is romance to be found aboard ship, take a look into the stoke-hold where the energy that drives the ship is produced. There the firemen and coal-passers sweat and swear for about five hours at a stretch, twice a day, in a temperature of from 120 to 150 degrees, with a seven-hour rest period in between—if it is possible to rest. The reader, who possibly never handled a slice-bar or hook, may say that it is impossible to perform such strenuous labor as shoveling tons of coal in such a high temperature, but if you think so—just ship as fireman on one of the coal-burning cargo ships—you'll find out it has to be done.

Bugs Not Romantic

Two four-hour watches a day making steam and one-half to one hour either before or after his regular firing duties, hoisting ashes from the stoke-hold, is the lot of the coal-burning fireman on the tramp steamer. He comes off watch, winter or summer, grimy and sweaty from head to foot, gets his pail and goes to the galley for water, then across that open deck to a little cubby-hole of a bathroom hardly large enough for one, and awaits his turn while three, four or six men bathe and wash their clothes. After that he rolls into a bunk filled with bedbugs and cooties—and tosses in sleepless agony for four or five hours unless the weather is warm enough for sleeping on the foc'sle head. Some life! Some romance!

(Continued on page 42)



Where the Monied Idler Has to Sleep—Artificially Cooled.

The Meaning of Revolution

By ARCHIE SINCLAIR

In this forceful article the writer points out clearly and dispassionately the forces at work in modern capitalistic society which are making for its replacement. He stresses the difference between the real meaning of revolution and those commonly attributed to it by those who see in our chaotic present-day society the apogee of possible human achievement and shows that violence is not a necessary companion of revolution. In addition he points out that revolutions never come until there are good and sufficient reasons for wanting a change and emphasizes the fact that when these reasons exist, and the evolutionary processes occasioned by them have progressed to a certain point, any attempts to prevent revolutions, are, and always have been, futile. Perhaps his active participation in the class struggle in one of its most bitter phases, the Criminal Syndicalism persecutions in California, has enabled him to see things in a clearer light than people not so situated. At any rate he has presented the subject in a manner which should not fail to interest both those who are trying to make California and the rest of the world a better place to live in, and those who are trying to retard such progress by inhuman persecution. We recommend a close perusal of this article to both.

IN "English Synonyms, Antonyms and Prepositions," by James C. Fernald, we find a very good definition of revolution, and also a clear distinction between the different synonyms that, to some minds, are identical. The synonyms given are: **anarchy, confusion, disintegration, disorder, insubordination, insurrection, lawlessness, mutiny, rebellion, revolt, riot, sedition, tumult.**

"In defining the word revolution, the author says: The essential idea of "revolution" is a change in the form of government or constitution, or a change of rulers, otherwise than as provided by the laws of succession, election, etc; while such change is apt to involve armed hostilities, these make no necessary part of revolution. The revolution by which Dom Pedro was dethroned and Brazil changed from an empire to a republic, was accomplished without a battle and almost without a shot. "Anarchy" refers to the condition of a state when human government is superseded or destroyed by factions or other causes. "Lawlessness" is a temper of mind or condition of the community which may result in anarchy. "Confusion," "disorder," "riot," and "tumult" are incidental and temporary outbreaks of lawlessness, but may not be anarchy. "Insubordination" is individual disobedience. "Sedition" is the plotting, "rebellion" is the fighting, against the existing government, but always with the purpose of establishing some other form of government in its place. When "rebellion" is successful it is called revolution; but there may be revolution without rebellion; as, the English revolution of 1688. (When William of Orange replaced James the Second; parentheses are mine.) A "revolt" is an uprising against existing authority without the comprehensive views of change in the form of administration of government that are involved in revolution. Anarchy, when more than a temporary disorder, is a proposed disintegration of society, in which it is imagined that social order might exist without government. **Slaves** make **insurrections**; **soldiers** or

sailors break out in **mutiny**; **subject provinces** rise in **revolt**."

The distinction between the words supposed to be synonyms is clearly defined. The purpose or lack of purpose conveyed in each term is made plain, as for example, sedition is the plotting, but when it breaks out in fighting it is called rebellion; revolt is a spontaneous outburst against some wrong. Revolution is always successful, rebellion never successful.

What About Provocation?

The author might have added that in all cases there is a reason for dissatisfaction and agitation that precedes any kind of demonstration against the existing order, or against those in authority. Soldiers do not mutiny unless they are being unjustly treated by their officers, or because of starvation or some other cause equally disastrous. Subject peoples rise in revolt only when they are being abused. Revolutions come only when the conditions are ripe, they are the culmination of evolutionary growth.

Still another phase of the question was overlooked or ignored by the author; that is, that not all revolutions are of a political nature. In fact, if we read history we find that all political revolutions are preceded by industrial revolution. Industrial revolution is brought about by the steady growth of change in the mode of production. Old, worn out methods of production give way to newer and better methods. Laws and governments based on the archaic mode of production—all government, and all laws are based on the mode of production prevailing at the time of their birth—cease to function properly. This causes political disorder and confusion which may or may not result in political revolution. Capitalism, in turn, gave place to ultra-capitalism about the year 1890 when the trustified form of production came into being. This, too, was industrial revolution.

Ultra-capitalism, plutocracy, the Oligarchy, call it what you will, is quickly becoming passé and is no

longer able to function efficiently. This causes disorder, wars, rebellions, industrial unrest, political upheavals and the disintegration of several countries, namely, Czecho-Slavia, Jugo-Slavia, the Balkan states, and even Russia and Germany. This is not the fault of any group or political government. The rulers are impotent to stay the change. The masters are not to blame, neither are the people who are no longer able to bear the burden. It is a natural result of industrial change that will culminate in industrial revolution. Our rulers, industrial and political, sense the coming change, but do not understand; they never do understand. They seem to think as did the Bourbons of France, that the workers are somehow to blame. The Bourbons firmly believed that the workers and peasants were revolting out of pure malice, that conditions were ideal; they were—for those who were on top.

Revolutions Come

Industrial change is going on all the time, and industrial revolutions come whether we believe in them or not. It is not necessary that the people of California believe in earthquakes, the earthquakes come to that benighted state every week or so whether the natives believe in them or not. Ask a real estate agent in Los Angeles whether they have earthquakes there or not and he will probably tell you that San Francisco has them but there are none in Los Angeles, whereas Los Angeles is visited by them every week or so. So it is with the industrial change that is going on all the time. We may deny that such is the case, or we may deplore the change, as does the Sacramento Bee, that would like to see the clock of progress turned back to the era of the petit bourgeois, but the wheels of progress do not turn backwards, they always forge ahead.

Super-capitalism is crumbling, the masters are impotent to retard or prevent, they are unable to efficiently carry on production under private ownership of the machinery of production. With all the great wealth producing machinery, one hundred times as great as fifty years ago, the mass of the people are ill fed, ill clothed and poorly housed. This causes discontent and industrial and civil strife. The law enforcers, judges, police, jailers, sheriffs, etc., not understanding anything of the underlying causes of this, punish those who are forced to revolt against the conditions that have caused all the unrest. The only reason that the authorities punish the workers who revolt is because they are the servants of the men who have the industrial power. They are cruel and oppressive because they are stronger than the ones who revolt. One is reminded of the little boy who was whipped by his father and on being asked if he knew the reason his father whipped him replied, "Sure, because he is bigger than me."

The rulers are ignorant, distressingly ignorant of the change that is manifesting itself in industry, and being reflected in the political life of the country. They are blind as bats, and like the rulers all through history refuse to heed the signals. The whole economic and social fabric is pointing the way to social ownership of the machinery of production, but they refuse to see. They sincerely believe that

industrial unrest is being stirred up by a few professional "agitators." And the pity of it all is that the workers themselves refuse to see the coming change. The stupidity of the workers, their apathy and indifference is appalling. Nevertheless, the change is coming, and coming quickly.

There is one way that the workers can make ready for the coming change. The transition period from private ownership to social control can be made as peaceful as the changing from summer to autumn, by the workers organizing industrially. If they could only see that by organizing in industry, solidifying their forces; they could not only run industry as they do now, but would also be able to step into the executive positions the rest would be easy. "By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

Don't Call Me a Scab!

(A Scab has been defined as one who is a traitor to his class)

YES, I'm an outcast, a tramp and a bum,
I am friendless and down and out;
I don't care a rap for your smile or your frown,
Not a whit for your praise or your flout.

I live like a beast, as you say in your scorn,
I'm a flaw in society's plan,
And you're right—I'm all these and more than all
that,
But—I have never yet scabbed on a man!

I'll steal when I'm hungry, and fight when I must,
And lie—when it pays me the best;
I'm lazy and shiftless and drink like a fish,
And I'd murder, perhaps, if hard pressed.

I'm a vagabond, worthless, a curse to the race;
I admit it, so just save your gab;
I'm crusty with dirt, but I'd have to go some,
To be dirty enough for a scab.

I'm low and degenerate, scarce fit to let live,
A target for every cop's sap;
A hand-out my banquet, the gutter my bed,
As I travel the face of the map.

You may call me scoundrel, a liar or cur—
They'll all fit, so just take a grab;
I'll not kick at the dirtiest name in the lot,
But—for Christ's sake, DON'T call me a SCAB!

—Anonymous.

Through seas of KNOWLEDGE we our
course advance, discovering still new
worlds of IGNORANCE.

Labor Under Industrialized Agriculture

By JAMES LANCE.

THREE was a time in the history of this country when nearly all of the population was engaged in agriculture. Just before the Revolution in 1776 only 8 per cent were not engaged in tilling the soil. Today we see an entirely different story; the last census shows that there are about 54 millions of people in the cities and only 51 millions on the farms. Quite a change, isn't it? The census also shows that the gainfully employed workers in agriculture now number only 10,953,158 while those engaged in manufacture total 12,818,524, almost 2 million more than those employed in agriculture. The onward sweep of the machine is daily lessening the relative number of farm workers and big business is bankrupting the individual farmer through economic pressure.

Government statistics show that 2 million farmers left the farms in 1922 and although figures for 1923 are not yet available there is little doubt that an equal number gave up the "independent life of the farmer" to become wage slaves last year. These same statistics prove that about one-third of the farmers left on the farms are bankrupt—a sad commentary on the glowing pictures often presented to us depicting the farmer as a man above the sordid struggle for bread; a man sufficient unto himself, a man on whom the world depends for food and clothing.

And what do these lugubrious figures prophesy? Just what do they portend? Obviously, the farms must be worked; grain and livestock, fruit and vegetables, cotton and wool must continue to be produced; we must eat; and we must have clothing; therefore, as farming as it has been practiced up to the present is a losing game for those engaged in it, as it no longer affords them sufficient bread and clothes for themselves, let alone providing them for others, a change, a radical change will have to be made. And what sort of a change will it be? What will be the future of agriculture? The answer is self-evident. Agriculture will be modernized, fully mechanized, really industrialized as the other industries have been.

Proletarian Farmers

The day of the hit and miss farmer has gone or at all events it is swiftly going. The agriculturist of tomorrow will not be the "independent farmer," the freeholder of a certain number of acres to cultivate as best his intelligence and experience permit—no, the agriculturist of tomorrow will be a wage slave; just as much so as his fellow workers in the manufacturing, mining or transportation industries. Already there are numerous examples of the trend of agriculture towards industrialization, a few of which we will deal with in this article.

And will wage slavery on the farms of the future be any better than that of today in the cities? Will the hours, wages and conditions measure up to a higher standard than that now prevalent in other industries? Or will industrialized agriculture mean a backward step for labor, one that will place it nearer to chattel slavery than emancipation? Perhaps a study of the findings of a government investigator in a region in which agriculture has already taken a long stride toward industrialization will be illuminating. He spent some time on "the eastern shore" of Maryland; listen to his report on conditions there. Says he:

"Some time ago the children's bureau at Washington made a study of the truck farm regions of Maryland. Child welfare experts



THE SLAVER'S VICTIM.

say conditions on the Maryland truck farms are as bad as years ago in the coal regions, or in the textile mills and factories before the movement for protection of child rights got started.

"The infant 'floater' is perhaps the worst victim of the child labor exploiters and in the truck farm districts of Maryland his lot is especially hard.

"Boys and girls in migratory families are becoming transient laborers at 8, 10, and 12 years of age, and they are drudging eight to eleven hours a day in the fields.

"The families are recruited by padrones in the tenement sections of Baltimore, and they are herded in shanties, without privacy or sanitation, under conditions which make truck farm camps appear the 'worst slums in the civilized world.'

"Narrow pens, six feet long and four to six feet wide in tumble down shacks, form the living quarters of a 'floating labor' family. The pens are separated only by boards ten inches high, and men, women and children, as many as one hundred in a single shanty, huddle together at night and sleep on straw or the bare boards.

"This is one of the accompaniments of industrialized agriculture."

Pretty picture, isn't it? And it is even worse than he says. The writer of this article put in a summer on "the eastern shore," among the canning factories and truck farms and in all his wide and varied experiences in casual labor he never put up with as rotten conditions anywhere. Some of the things which happen on that eastern shore are almost beyond belief. No editor would print them. One little fact might get by; the eastern shore is the favorite hunting ground of the runners of the white slave rings of New York and Philadelphia. Girls, broken, physically and mentally, by the monotonous labor in the fields and factories are easy prey for those who offer "the easy way" out of wage slavery. Sometimes, after they have promised the runners, they attempt to back out; then indeed are scenes enacted in some of the shacks mentioned in the quotation which are unprintable. But the runner always gets his slave. The law is inoperative on the eastern shore during the truck season; that is, so far as helping any of the slaves who gather the berries, peas, tomatoes or other truck is concerned. The harvest hand in the midwestern wheat fields knows all about this kind of legal helplessness. "Just a floater," the officials say. "Why bother?" But this is a digression; let us return to the subject.

We go on a little farther in the investigator's report and the conditions under which these victims of industrialized agriculture try to live are described more fully. Listen to this!

"In May every year, when strawberries, beans, and peas are ready to be picked, families recruited by labor agents migrate from Baltimore to Anne Arundel county.



Cottage of a Modern Yeoman—A Lean-to Back of a Country Store.

"Any day trucks laden with household goods, kitchen utensils, and feather beds, with women and children seated on top, may be seen moving from Baltimore to the country for what the padrones picture as 'a nice vacation in the country at good pay.'

"Arrived at the camp, however, the squalor is often found worse than that of the city slums. Here is a description of the 'flops' out in the wide open spaces.

"Most of the camps contained but one building, known as a 'shanty,' which serves as sleeping quarters for the workers. This building, usually two stories high, was erected on piles or rough stones. In most camps it was weather beaten or unpainted and the windows usually lacked either glass or shutters or both.

"As a rule there was but one room on each floor, with stairs on the outside leading to the upper room. On each side of a narrow aisle down the center of the room the floor was divided into pens by boards ten or twelve inches in height. Each pen was about 6 feet long and four to six feet wide and covered with straw for a mattress.

"Each family was allotted one of these pens, the larger families sometimes securing those six feet in width. At night men, women and children partially clad, one family separated from the next by the plank ten inches in height, lay side by side.

"Many of the shanties containing two such rooms often were used for sleeping purposes by thirty to fifty persons of both sexes and all ages.

"Little attention was given to sanitation. More than one-half the families had no toilet facilities. Many families described the way in which they lived as 'like hogs,' 'like sheep,' and 'like cattle beasts.'

So these are the conditions the future holds for the wage slave in the agricultural industry! For remember, Maryland today is just a forerunner of agriculture in general tomorrow.

We need not look at Maryland alone; we can go clear across the continent to the shores of the Pacific and see the same sordid drama enacted in the state of California. There, too, armies of women and children toil in the fields and cannning factories and live under almost unbelievably rotten conditions while gathering the fruits and vegetables which form such a large portion of the products of the so-called Golden State.

There too, we can see other evidences of the future of agriculture. We can see the famous Miller and Lux ranches, covering whole counties; the Kerr county Company's holdings, the Baldwin ranch, the Moulton ranch, the Vina ranch and many others which are owned by companies and corporations and on which the workers are subject to the same rules and regulations as in any shop or factory in a city.

Pitiful Wages

The middle west has its examples also; notably the Adams and Cook ranches in Iowa and the Rankin Farm in Missouri. New York state has a number of large agricultural holdings such as the Lipton Company and Welch's. Everywhere the trend is becoming more apparent.

And the hours and wages, what of them, in industrialized agriculture? Let the investigator tell what they are in Maryland.

"The study indicates that the earnings are low even for whole families. At bean picking, for instance, daily earnings were seldom over \$3 even for families of three or four members. On a sample day only ten families earned as much as \$5, while forty families earned less than \$2.

"The survey found children of tender years spending long hours in the fields, not only picking berries and hoeing vegetables but also ploughing, harrowing, working machine cultivators, and transplanting. Many of them were younger than ten years..

"With few exceptions children 8 and 10 years of age worked the same hours as older children and adults."

There we have the facts in the case; not in the wild ravings of what the bourgeoisie call "irresponsible radicals," but in the clear, cold, unbiased language of a Government report. Undoubtedly much more could be said; these were the outstanding, in-escapeable facts; facts that pushed themselves into view, that could not be overlooked or gainsaid. The

conditions under which these men, women and children were forced to live in Maryland, the miserable wages that were doled out to them are what the future wage slave in agriculture may expect everywhere on the farms. This report shows us just what we will have to endure tomorrow.

The Union Is Ready

And what are we going to do about this slavery which will be fastened on us? Is there any means by which we can prevent its realization and make the industrialization of agriculture a forward step for labor instead of a reversion to what is almost, nay, worse than chattel slavery? There is: one thing and one thing only can be used. The answer of farm, orchard and garden labor to the industrialization of agriculture can be nothing less than industrial organization.

And, fortunately, for the agricultural slave of the future, there is already an industrial union for agricultural workers. The Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the IWW is a union which understands the problems of agriculture, both present and to come. It is a union organized to meet just such problems as those presented by the report of the Government inspector in Maryland; it is a union which, in fact, does not need reports of investigators to enlighten its members as to what is going on in the agricultural industry because they are in closer touch with these conditions than any investigator ever gets. It is a union which has long realized the trend of the industry in which it functions towards industrialization and it has the proper program to offset the vile conditions, long hours and miserable wages, to which unorganized workers on the farms, orchards and gardens of tomorrow will be forced to submit. For several years it has successfully fought the battles of the agricultural workers in the wheat fields of the middle west and in the fruit orchards of the Pacific slope. Wherever the members of 110 have instituted campaigns for betterment of wages, hours or conditions, victory has been theirs.

In this union lies the hope of the agricultural workers; industrial unionism in the very nature of things, is the only possible instrument which can successfully combat the agricultural trusts of the future. If the wage slaves of industrialized agriculture hope to escape the slavery which lies in store for them there is only one way out; they must become industrial unionists and AWIU No. 110 of the IWW is ready and waiting for them.

REMEMBER THE CENTRALIA CONSPIRACY

The General Defense is now issuing Ralph Chaplin's "The Centralia Conspiracy," much revised and expanded by the author. There is a great deal of new material in this book; it is now a complete history of the way eight members of the IWW were falsely convicted of murder for defending their hall against a lynch mob in the lumber town of Centralia, and the revelation of trust rule that followed. The conspiracy took place in 1919; the world has yet to hear of it. Get this book and circulate it widely! Price 50 cents.

A Worker's Wanderings—from Italy to South America

By JOHN ASHBURN



Monday Morning In Spain.

(Continued from December Number)

AT sunset our vessel was still driving thru the broad Elbe waters, and we passed the Elbe's mouth shortly before ten o'clock p. m., where our pilot was taken off board by a motorboat and several German stowaways who did not hide themselves very well were unloaded. At noon time of the next day we steamed through the Channel of the Northern Sea and were able to see on one side the chalk-rockies of England and on the other side, in a foggy horizon, the French town, Calais; and then for four days we had no land in sight. During this time, I made acquaintance of my co-passengers.

Our steamship was of about 8000 tons and divided into two classes. It had first class and third class, a comfortable steerage which had cabins and common sleeping rooms (dormitories), a dining room, a library, a salon for women, and a smoking room. There was no second class at all.

Enjoy European Summer

The few passengers of the first class were composed of South American ranch owners, German business people and emigrating German capitalists, who fled from Germany before the entire downfall, in order to save their money, sucked vampire-like, from the starving German working class, who famished beyond the sea horizon whilst those leeches enjoyed a life of leisure at the workers' expense.

The Argentinean capitalists enjoying the European summer in Germany or France returned to their native country in order to arrive in season for the South American spring and summer. With such a life of birds of passage, it is no wonder they feel alright.

On my usual morning walk on deck I became acquainted with nearly all of the steerage passengers. Besides the German emigrants there was a group of Bul-

gars, who brightened the whole steerage with their melancholic chorus songs resembling in manner, the Russians.

Two Argentine fellows, one of them a socialist, a good chap, who had studied the European situation, became a friend of mine. His parents came in the year of 1906 from Besserabia (Russia) to Argentine, but he was entirely romanized, latinized and argentinized, or whatever you would call it. He had travelled extensively. He also had been in the U. S. A. He gave lessons in the Spanish language to the German workers.

Then, there was a Viennese, a young man. He must have read stories of adventurers, because his behavior was like an adventurer's. He had only a few things with him. When we arrived at Buenos Aires, he was the next day already southwest-bound. Now he is a cowboy in the Pampas.

Two Blackshirts

There were two Italians of Northern Italy going to Cordoba, Argentine, where they had relatives, who cultivated vine-yards in this region. They were glad to find somebody who could act as an interpreter, as none of the ship's officers spoke Italian. They made the voyage from Italy across Switzerland, through Germany, in order to save money on the passage, which was cheaper on a German vessel, including the railroad expenses, than to travel the much shorter distance from their native village to Genoa and take an Italian boat.

The IWW aspires to be international. It is peculiarly fitted for such a functioning, due to the fact that the propertyless proletarians of which it is composed, travel widely, see and observe. This is the story of what one worker was impressed by in his journeyings.

We concluded an amiable friendship, but the next day both appeared in shirts, which I dislike as a bull the red flag, that is to say, they wore "black shirts." I took immediate steps and explained to my fellow-passengers that these black shirts are worn by the Italian Fascisti and nearly all of the German passengers, mostly industrial workers inheriting Socialist ideas, turned enraged

against these two Italian fellows. The latter came to me and accused me of propagating an unreal fact and asserted vigorously they are not fascists, but adherents of the "Partito Popolare," which is also a severe enemy of the fascists—its followers are partly Catholic workers.

A Reactionary Idea

"But why do you wear these shirts, signifying a reactionary idea, against which the major part, not only of the passengers, but also of the crew is opposed," I asked the two innocent Italians. They promised to me they would never wear the black shirts again, and they kept their word. We became very good friends for both agreed that the fascists are scoundrels.

The much feared Bay of Biscay was passed without accident, and the passengers were glad to see, on the fourth sunrise, the Northern Spanish coast, in the aforementioned bay, there had sunk, some days before, a German vessel, the "Hamanmonia."

It was a pretty cold morning, a Spanish early autumn, with a sharp, cutting, metallic air and a cloudless sky, but as soon as the sun sent its rays upon the globe, it became pretty lukewarm.

We anchored in La Coruna, a little harbor of Galicia, a Northern Spanish country. Spanish vendors, selling many different fruits, especially grapes, drove a bum boat way round the ship. A shrieking, haggling, crying blustered and the crowd encircled around us; nobody could understand what the Spanish sellers said, and vice versa. It was a real Babylonian tower.

The German ship officers tried to speak to Spanish custom officers as well as they could, although most things were misunderstood. A good observer could notice how the Germans got a little more vivid and talkative, for, with the silent, moist, foggy, cloudy northern autumn landscapes, together with sullen folk, finally left beyond the horizon, the Nordics warmed up more and more as the latitude degrees neared zero, that is to say, the Equator.

An Enthusiastic Mood

To hear again Southern people, with soft, poetical sounds on their lips, after travelling from beautiful Italy through the Nordic country, put me into a certain enthusiastic mood and I shouted emphatically, in my first-learned words, to a boat loaded with fruit, in which was seated a Spanish female youth as follows: "Hermisíma hija de España, dame uva." (Most beautiful daughter of Spain, give me grapes.) She smiled and handed a basket of grapes aboard.

Just before the departure of the vessel, the Spanish emigrants to Argentine, mostly agricultural workers, were embarked. They had only bundles under their arms, which contained all of their goods and chattels, and were dressed up in colors, women as well as men, as if they were going to work in some camps in the neighborhood. Brave charming folk! When the Spaniards secured their berths, the disciplined Germans were very reserved

against this "lumpen proletariat," an unreasonable word; but the Spaniards soon broke the ice and concluded friendship with the distressed Germans. Most of these, single people and married people with children, were penniless, for they had raised the last money to be able to pay the passage, while the Spaniards had some travelling money of good value.

At four o'clock that afternoon, our steamship put to sea. The echoes of the whistle thundered back from the bald mountains. Before sundown we had a fine spectacle. Fishes jumped along the starboard side over the heavy waves, greeted every time by a roaring salutation from the Spanish boys, who were very much interested. The cold Germans could not understand why they made so much noise. Since we got our new passengers on board, life on the ship was entirely changed. There was now a spirit, a movement, a cheerfulness and everybody was amused.

Magnetized Germans

Before we had arrived in the Spanish port, the two Italians, the Argentinean and I, romanized Goth, could not magnetize the Germans with joviality, but now the Germans forgot for a while their unknown dark future, wherefore they were grateful to us.

That same evening, wild Spanish dancing took place. The Spaniards are never in need of musical instruments, and we always had a Spanish concert. All laughed and cheered up, even the first class passengers looked from their deck and perhaps envied this amusing, unrestrained crowd. Among them were beautiful natural Spanish girls, who are not painted and dusted with pounds of powder like our modern flappers and foppish puppets, but with a natural color, given to them by mother sun and air.

In the late night, when all slept and a queer taciturnity possessed me, I hummed gently the melody of Ponchielli's opera "La Gioconda" "Cielo e mar" . . . (Ocean and Sky). I stood on the poop of the vessel and looked in sublime fancifulness northwards to the glittering and sparkling firmament. The polar star neared more



Cowboys of the Pampas. They went on a great strike two years ago, and were shot up by the military.

and more to the horizon line, until it was submerged entirely in the billows of the infinite ocean. Standing on the prow of the ship and looking southward one could observe the emerging of the wonderful constellation of the Southern Cross and the most gleaming fixed star, that is, Sirius. The waves situated within the shadows of the ship phosphoresced. Our planet Venus reflected her light from the depths of the sea. She is shining more like a minor moon than a star beyond there. I asked myself and philosophied: "Is she inhabited?" "Are her beings living in a better and more advanced social system than ours?" Nobody replied. . . . Complete silence. . . .

Nearing the Equator

After departing from Teneriffe, one of the Canary islands, where we loaded coal, and passing by the Cape Verde Islands, we neared the Equator. It was pretty hot, but nevertheless, I used to take sun-baths on the highest deck of the ship. It was announced by the Captain that the vessel would pass the Equator line about half past one that afternoon. The right time. It is customary among sea folk and sailors to celebrate this event with practical jokes. Three imaginary geographical lines drawn by man around the globe, namely, the Equator, the Northern and Southern Polar Circles are to be celebrated by stepping over them.

At one o'clock, Neptune, Roman God of the Sea, arrives with his court, composed of his wife, an astronomer, a pastor, two barbers, four negroes and others. They are all sailors. Sailor music opens the baptismal ceremony. Everybody who passes the Equator for the first time has to submit himself to same.

At first the pastor delivers a funny speech, criticizing the whole crew, beginning with the cook and ending with the captain, regarding their services.

Then the astronomer rises from his seat and asks the captain if he will permit him to take over the command of the ship, whereupon he looks thru big glasses towards the sky in order to ascertain if the Equator line is already visible to him, and then he announces with a great theatrical gesture, that we are on the geographical latitude of 0 degrees 2 minutes and three seconds, then 0 degrees 1 minute 1 second. After a short while he announces emphatically and solemnly that we are at the present time on the latitude of 0 degrees 0 minute 0 second. (There was given to him a hint from the officer on duty on the conning bridge) and the steamship whistle confirms his announcement. After that declared he returns the command of the ship to the captain.

Neptune's Baptism

Thereupon the baptism ceremony begins. Firstly the fair sex is baptized. The girls and women get off very well, with only a little piece of ice and a glass of cold water poured down their necks. But the men have to submit themselves to a very

unpleasant procedure, for they must be clean and purified from the sins and dirtiness of the Northern world. First they get shaved by a barber with a huge wooden knife, wooden shears and lathered all over the face with a big brush, and then they are thrown into the water.

Beautiful and ugly names and certificates of baptism are given to each person baptized. I got the name "Motorboat," and was therefore lucky. But others got names like swine-fish, stink-fish, etc. The fair sex got names like nymph, sea rose, etc.

With such variety in our amusement we hardly observed that our destination approached, and the German emigrants grew a little depressed and uneasy about their future in a new continent.

San Fernando, a Brazilian convict island off the Northern Brazilian coast, passed by. We arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 25th of October. I arose very early that morning, about half past three, so as not to miss the rare opportunity of gazing on one of the three most beautiful cities on our globe. These are Constantinople, Naples and Rio de Janeiro. The first two mentioned cities I had already seen, and therefore, I could compare them all. Constantinople I saw from the ship, and its panorama, with its many minarets, made many impressions upon me. A typical oriental town. It was the panorama of Naples, the great bay bounded on one end by the always smoking Vesuvio, which brought me to exclaim: "What a wonderful spot!" The Italians say "Napoli e dopo mori." ("See Naples and then die.") But it has an equivocal meaning. The term "mori" means to die, but "Mori" is also the name of a village in the vicinity of Naples. So you can choose between "to die" or to visit "Mori" after you have seen Naples. But Rio is an unforgettable city. It is a tropical garden town with the most magnificent, natural bay.

World's Greatest Port

Rough weather prevailed throughout the morning. Lighthouses were visible on the horizon. At 6 o'clock that morning we entered "the greatest bay of the world," in which all warships, freight ships of all sea-faring nations could find place.

After passing the natural gate of the bay, formed by two strange mountains, one being called "Sugar Loaf," we still could not see Rio de Janeiro, so big is the bay. But then, an overpowering wonderful view was offered us.

The British immigration officer, a colored man, came aboard and examined the passports of the newcomers. These are admitted without extravagant difficulties, for they are very heartily welcomed by the government. Only married people are allowed to stay on the "Ellis Island" of Brazil as long as they have no other shelter. The Brazilians are the most nationalistic people of South America, and are very proud of their immense country, although they do not look down upon other races as inferior.

After getting permission to pay a visit to the town the Argentine fellows and I strolled thru

the main "Avenida," I forgot the name. The automobiles were chasing with a tremendous and dangerous speed through the streets. Imagine all taxis of New York driving with a speed like the fire brigades! Thereby many disasters occur.

On Main "Avenida"

The main "Avenida" is not very long. Most of the houses are only one or two stories. The sidewalks are bordered by young trees. The automobiles, mostly Fords, are parked in the middle of the streets. Many chairs, belonging to the divers coffee houses, are posted on the outer side of the sidewalks.

Here one can find people at all times discussing different things from business to art, theatre and so on.

Accompanied by the Argentine Socialist, I went into such a coffee house and drank pure strong Brazilian coffee and looked with southern idleness upon the passersby. We were soon entangled in a discussion by our table neighbors, asking where we came from, and these people look, speak and treat one as if they have known one for several years, and one feels likewise. One misses, with joyfulness, the Nordic stiffness and the words sputter like bubbling water.

At noon time the streets are deserted on account of the hot sun rays, though it was early spring at the time. We then rode on a trolley car carrying us through an aisle of high palm trees. From time to time we could glance through gardens at the wonderful bay arched over by an azure air ocean. Nature, she is ambrosial at Rio!

A World Exhibition

That evening we visited the world exhibition of Rio de Janeiro, at which nearly all nations were represented. Some pavilions were still in course of construction. Great Britain had a magnificent palace called "Britannia." My mind is still impressed by the relief map of South America in large size. The volcanoes of the Andes mountains, beginning from the fire land, stretch as far as Columbia, just over the Equator, and they gleamed and smoked in the electric light. When I stood by this map I had a desire to pass over these strange and very scantily populated ranges. My adventurous blood began to boil. Three months thereafter I realized my ambition and travelled as a tramp through these regions.

England exhibited mostly machinery, agricultural implements and so on. Norway had a very pretty pavilion which was erected in Norwegian framework style.

Norway exhibited its pulp industry and its products, and propagated Nordic ideas. There was a large picture representing the voyage of Eric the Red and his Viking fellows to America. Below the picture were written the following words: "America was not discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492, but by Eric the Red in the year of 1000 A. D."



South American Labor Poorly Paid, But Beginning to Think for Itself.

Departure for Buenos Aires

Next morning at 6 o'clock, we departed from Rio, and we have been informed that the vessel is due at Buenos Aires the 1st of November. A third of the passengers remained on Brazilian soil. After a four day's southern course, the ship turned westward, and the waters of the Atlantic Ocean became green and then increasingly yellow. We entered the huge Rio de la Plata. On the north, the Uruguayan coast hove in sight. Very low monotonous plain-lands passed before our eyes during a day's ride, but, at last, there appeared some hills that evening, and we drove into the harbor of Montevideo, Look-out Mountain, the capital of Uruguay. After half an hour's stoppage we steamed on to Buenos Aires at a very low speed.

The Rio de la Plata is an immense river, the banks of which one can hardly see. In the middle of it there is a channel staked out, this being the only way for ships to Buenos Aires.

A wealthy German came aboard at Montevideo and greeted the German immigrants in the name of the German colony at Buenos Aires. He advised them what to do regarding settlements, getting jobs and so on. His main purpose was to tell them to avoid Buenos Aires, because it is overrun, and to start as soon as possible to the "campo" to do the hard work of a "peon." These "peons," agricultural workers, get very low wages, about 30 or 40 pesos, equal to between 10 and 13 dollars monthly, with living and sleeping in windy tents. The Germans, most of them coming from industrial centres of Germany, cannot compete with the agricultural Italians and Spaniards, and there is not much need for metal or other industrial workers, except in a few professions.

(To be Continued.)

Rebel Girls Help the Fight for Solidarity

By E. L.

IN EVERY CLASS STRUGGLE THE IWW IS FOR THE WORKERS

Men and women trickling out of doorways and gathering in groups of five and six on the sidewalks. Faces appear in windows above; peer down on the assembling crowd along the street. Those below beckon to those craning above them, calling encouragement to the timid.

Moon-faced bosses sit on the upper sills, looking anxiously at the increasing number of people on the walks. A curious look of resignation settles on their faces as though their thought were one: "What is there to do?" accompanied with shrugged shoulders.

The little knots of girls and men begin to straighten into a wandering line. There is no semblance of an organized march; just this rippling impulse along the line towards a certain objective.

It is only another skirmish in the long labor war. Ladies' garment workers of Chicago are striking another blow at their greedy masters. The same quiet demonstration is taking place simultaneously in three different districts of the city. Rebel girls of the IWW participate with other militants in the fight with the garment bosses for better life.

Striking workers assemble in various dingy halls where Federation of Labor officials endeavor to arouse them with trite phrases and stale promises of "full support." After the mass meetings the real tactics of the battle are discussed in shop groups and each striker is assigned his place in the field.

Picketing begins. Everything peaceful. In a few days injunction notices have been posted on all the main shop doors and burly blue-coats are "picketing" with big-bellied sluggers. Arrests begin and multiply to wholesale dimensions. The bosses have run to their political friends for aid and "protection."

Settlement workers join the pickets and are treated to "joy-rides" to a filthy police station and charges of "disorderly conduct" along with the rest of the pickets. College students become interested and walk their "beats" with the pickets until nasty weather makes snug shelter more attractive. Snow and wind do not stop the strikers.

Brutalities against the active pickets are soon reported. Uniformed and plainclothes thugs beat the girls with their heavy fists and make grandiose gestures to intimidate the sympathizers. One little picket is knocked unconscious by a policeman.

Sheriff's men, mayor's men, state's attorney's men, and dirty plainclothesmen from private agencies (and heaven knows what foul pools of the underworld!) array themselves on the bosses' side and gloat over their arrests and beatings of defenseless girls. The bosses keep the throats of these hirelings well moistened with booze. They strut bleary-eyed after their "game."

The comfortable labor officials of the Federation feel an urge to demonstrate their interest and organize a Committee of Fifteen to investigate state's attorney Crowe, who properly should not take part in the strike policing, but who actually directs it with his most disreputable forces. The Committee takes a newspaper reporter's account of police brutalities to the mayor and protest. His lordship is moved to remonstrate mildly and winks violently with his left eye while he utters that beatings will stop, and the guilty officers be dismissed.

Brutalities continue. No action on the floor of the city council. The "labor" alderman, Oscar Nelson, will not "embarrass the mayor." He is attorney for the garment workers' International in the municipal courts. He raises the "red" cry at any hint of mass action by the Federation of Labor. The officials keep their comfortable seats.

A "Citizens' Committee" of liberals is formed and arranges for Public Welfare Commissioner Mary McDowell to call a conference of union officials and dress manufacturers. Strikers storm the meeting to tell their grievances. Members of the committee take turns amusing the crowd while the real conference goes on in another room.

"No Compromise"

The union officials are willing to let the liberals' god of Reason guide the conference, but the bosses won't appear. No light shall penetrate their darkness. The distraught "citizens" offer to thoroly investigate the strike or to report at once to the mayor. The little strike dictator chooses the latter and lives to regret. The Citizens' Committee report at length to the mayor and divest themselves of the whole annoying situation, as tho it were a dirty apron.

The labor Federation congratulates itself at last on the Committee of Fifteen's published review of the foul Crowe's activities as state's attorney. Thousands of dollars spent convicting labor in Chicago while bootleggers, thieves, murderers, swindlers walk their ways untouched! The old blackbird's feathers are pretty carefully picked by the earnest labor officials. The move is politically useful for them.

Meanwhile Judge Denis Sullivan, slippery old hard-boiled "his honor," sits in the misnamed "Equity" court as judge, jury, and public, dealing out fines and jail sentences for "contempt of court" to pickets caught under the bosses' injunction. The court room is full of dicks with roving, spying eyes, and perked ears. The lawyers have given each paid player his part before the farce begins. The dicks and sluggers' captain know the signals and can testify anything the occasion demands.

(Continued on page 41)

Hellish Conditions in Eastern Kentucky

By ALONZO WALTERS

The Industrial Pioneer in printing this article is following a definite policy: that of exposing rotten industrial conditions wherever they are brought to our attention. This is the fourth article of the same general nature printed. The first exposed the misery of the stockyards workers in Chicago; the second, "Labor Hells in Dixie," dealt with conditions in the state of Louisiana and last month "Slavery in West Virginia" was featured.

There is one outstanding feature in all of the above mentioned articles and this is also true of the following one: lack of organization, in every instance, lies at the bottom of the misery experienced by the workers. These articles carry with them a moral which thinking workers cannot fail to see and act upon.

Some time ago—in the October, 1923, number, I believe it was—the Pioneer published an article written by J. W. Leigh, entitled, "LABOR HELL'S IN DIXIE." In that article are described the miserable conditions that exist for wage earners, white and black, native and foreign-born, children and adult, in the state of Louisiana.

Now, I want to call your attention to another spot in the Southland—much less distant than Louisiana—which is, in my opinion, one of the most detestable holes into which it is possible to drag workingmen. Down in the

Coal Fields of Eastern Kentucky

men are working for wages that a Chinaman would scarcely accept. The MINIMUM wage is a little more than \$2.00 per day—for "trapper boys," sand dryers, and the like; the MAXIMUM a little over \$5.00 per day, for trackmen, pumpers, wiremen, blacksmiths and other skilled workers. The loaders are paid an average of 55 cents per ton, each ton being approximately 3,000 pounds. The employes have no checkweighman at any of the mines, and the "weigh boss" is invariably one who has worked himself into favoritism with the mine officials, and one whom said officials FEEL ASSURED THEY CAN TRUST.

Letters which I receive every week from friends in Eastern Kentucky give the information that the mines in that coal field are now, and for several months past have been, working only about half-time or a little better—that is to say three or four days a week. Thus the earnings of a coal miner, assuming that he is one of the most highly paid day

men, will be, for a half-month period, about forty dollars. If he is a loader, and loads an average of —say twelve of the big company tons in a day, which would be doing exceedingly good work, taking into consideration all the "jack-rock" and slate which must be removed, his earnings would be \$52.80, if we give him four days to the week. From this must be taken the cost of his powder, paper, fuse, carbide, lamp, tools, cost of "blacksmithing," etc. After all these items have been taken out, the earnings of the coal loader will be just about the same as those of the most highly paid day men—about \$40.00 for a two-week period. When from this meager sum is deducted all the little pickpocket items which the company takes from the pay envelopes of their employes, more often than otherwise the miner finds himself

In Debt at the Company Store

The prices which miners have to pay for goods purchased in those stores are outrageously beyond reason in price. But they have no other choice. In most cases there are no other stores near enough for their convenience. Even where there are, the coal miners are usually not well enough known to obtain credit at those stores, and, needless to say, their employers always see to it that they never have money enough ahead to pay cash. Knowing thus

that they have the poor slave completely within their greedy clutches, the coal barons hold him up in the most shameful manner imaginable. They stoop to some of the most rascally little tricks and practices that it is possible to think of. To illustrate—Before an employe can do any trading at



the company store it is necessary for him to go to the office and draw "scrip" for the amount of goods which he desires to purchase. Before he can draw this "scrip" he must present at the window his "scrip card," which was issued to him at the time he signed up for employment. If this card gets lost or misplaced he is made to pay for a new one—the price being in most places fifty cents. Think of being forced to pay a merchant for the privilege of trading at his store! How much more outrageous is the custom of forcing an employe to pay for the privilege of handing back to an employer, who has already robbed him of the lion's share of the product of his labor, a part of what still remains of his slender earnings! This is only one of the many robber "stunts" that are practiced by the coal barons upon their serfs.

The mines in which the men work are simply

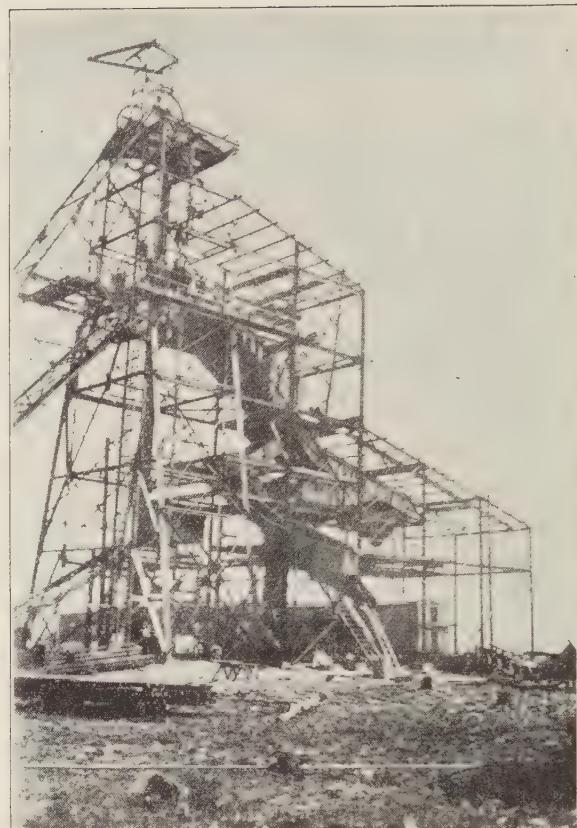
Death Traps

in every sense of the word. When a man enters one of them he is simply taking a gambler's chance of ever seeing the light of day again. I receive every week a copy of a local weekly newspaper published at Hazard, Ky. Almost every issue I receive has one or more deaths from mine accidents to tell about—accidents that have happened just within the vicinity of that one little town.

Most of these accidents could be very easily prevented. Most of them result wholly from criminal negligence on the part of the coal mine owners and the public officials whose duty it is to enforce the law, and make conditions safe, so far as is within their power, for the men who work in the mines. A short time ago a friend of mine was killed in the mine of the Hazard-Blue Grass Coal Corporation, at Hazard, Ky., by being caught between his motor and a "hog-back"—an uneven bump in the roof—which the company had failed to remove in compliance with the law. I am informed by people living in that camp that THE MINE HAD NEVER BEEN VISITED BY A STATE MINE INSPECTOR SINCE IT WAS FIRST OPENED, nearly ten years ago. The coal operators are heartlessly indifferent to the dangers amid which their wage slaves are obliged to work, and so, apparently are the state officials.

Another Danger

that stares Eastern Kentucky miners and their families in the face, and one equally as great, if not greater, than the danger of mining coal is the risk that must be run every year of being stricken down with typhoid and other diseases arising from the filthy and insanitary conditions in which they are forced to live. The outhouses used by the miners and their families are always in such a filthy condition, and situated so near the dwelling houses, that the odor which comes from them in hot weather is nothing less than stifling to the entire camp. The miners get their water for drinking and cooking purposes from wells that have been dug for their use in various parts of the camp, there being usually two or three wells for the entire camp. I remember one of these wells in a mining camp at Allais, Ky., which is within thirty or forty feet of a barn where



It Looks Like a High-Class Gallows—It's Really a Modern Coal Tipple.

the company horses and mules are kept. Of course the water that comes from those wells is full of the germs of typhoid.

Each camp has a PHYSICIAN, too. This physician receives a regular salary. A deduction is taken from the pay of each employe to pay the doctor this salary. In addition to this, the doctor "charges extra" for certain kinds of cases, such, for instance, as attending to a woman at childbirth, or for treating any kind of venereal diseases. But altho the doctor receives his pay from the men, he takes his orders from the bosses, for it is at their will that he holds his job. Hence he dares not, even if he wished, start a too vigorous "health drive," that is to say one that would mean the expenditure of any money on the part of the mining company—he dares not do this or raise too big a howl about the conditions which prevail within the scope of his practice. Such a course would most surely result in the loss of his position.

With the exception of a few scattering locals along the Cumberland and Big Sandy rivers, all the mines in Eastern Kentucky are NON-UNION. The officials of the United Mine Workers of America have shown very little interest in that coal field, altho at various times the men in that section have shown unmistakable evidence of rebellious and resentful spirit against their oppressive conditions.

As the situation stands today the

Coal Barons Rule With An Iron Hand

Their will is the supreme law of the land. Their employees are absolutely at their mercy. If one dares to raise a protest against his conditions, he is promptly fired and blacklisted so that it is impossible for him to get a job anywhere in that field. In addition to that, since all the miners live in company houses, he and his family are thrown out of the house in which they live—out on the road to get by the best way they can. I knew one miner, employed in a mine near Hazard, Ky., nearly four years ago, who had refused to sign the "yellow dog contract"—which was then being introduced in Eastern Kentucky for the first time, and which is today prevalent throughout the entire region. This man, on the day after being discharged, made a trip to Hazard to try to find a house to move into. He knew, of course, that he was liable to be evicted at any time from the house where he was then living. While he was away the mine superintendent, assisted by some deputies and other scum went out to the man's home and piled all his household goods and his family outside. Not only that—he gave orders to the neighbors of this victimized family that if any of them took them in, even for one night or one hour, they could expect the same kind of treatment. There was some snow on the ground, and the wife was ill, she being at that time the mother of a little baby only a few days old; but these circumstances failed to soften in the slightest degree the beast who had evicted them. When the husband returned and found his family in such a helpless state, of course there was no choice for him other than to sign the humiliating "yellow dog" pledge.

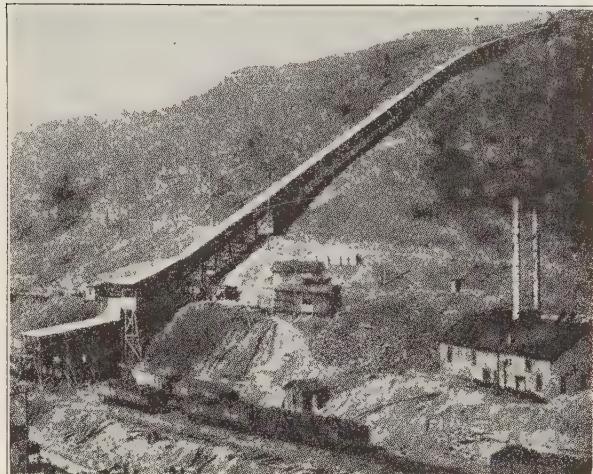
One circumstance in particular which gives the coal barons such unlimited power over the men is the fact that, Eastern Kentucky being only in the infancy of its industrial development, coal mining is practically THE ONLY INDUSTRY IN WHICH EMPLOYMENT CAN BE FOUND. The coal miner, realizing this, quietly submits; for he never has enough money ahead to enable him to leave his unhappy environment, and seek employment elsewhere.

The Coal Kings of Eastern Kentucky also, as a matter of course,

Own and Control the Public Officials

the public schools, and the local press. The judge is their servant; so is the sheriff; so also are all the others. One or two deputies are kept in every mining camp to "keep order." These deputies remain within reach of the beck and call of their masters, the mine officials, and are always punctually on hand to do their bidding, whatever it may be.

The PUBLIC SCHOOLS are taught in buildings that belong to the mining companies. In addition to his regular salary the teacher, in most cases, receives a regular monthly compensation from the



Kentucky Hillside Coal Mine.

mining company. They make no secret of this practice—it is an openly admitted fact. Nobody back there seems to wonder at it. Everybody seems to take the view that the poor teacher is justly entitled to all the compensation he receives—and undoubtedly he is, for is he not engaged in the noble, notable and worthy calling of training the children of dirty and ignorant miners to become one hundred per cent Americans; endeavoring, to the best of his ability, to drill into them the particular kind of PAY-TRIOTISM that is most pleasing to their masters?

In some camps this teacher's subsidy is raised by deducting a "school tax" from the over-weighted pay-envelopes of the mine employees.

Such are the conditions which must be daily endured by the thousands of coal miners and their families who dwell among the rugged hills that wall in the winding valleys of the Kentucky River, the Cumberland and the Big Sandy. The only reason or explanation that can be offered for the fact that Eastern Kentucky has not become as publicly notorious as the coal fields of West Virginia, Colorado and some other states is the fact that the miners in Eastern Kentucky have always been kept SO COMPLETELY UNDER THE THUMB OF THEIR MASTERS, so closely and carefully held down, so utterly at the mercy of the tyrants who rule over them, that they have never had the opportunity to make themselves heard by the outside world. It is for this reason that I humbly request for them a respectful hearing in the columns and among the readers of this magazine. It is for this reason that I appeal to this magazine to plead the cause of a downtrodden and oppressed people, who, for reasons beyond their control, are unable to lift a voice in their own behalf.



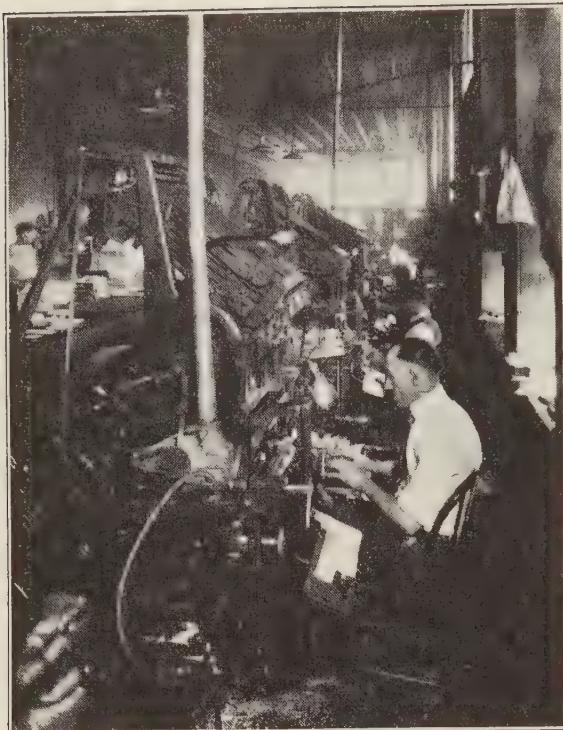
Promote self-development by ample facilities for wide reading in an atmosphere of freedom and morality.

Books are the most enduring monuments of man's achievements. Thru them civilization becomes cumulative.

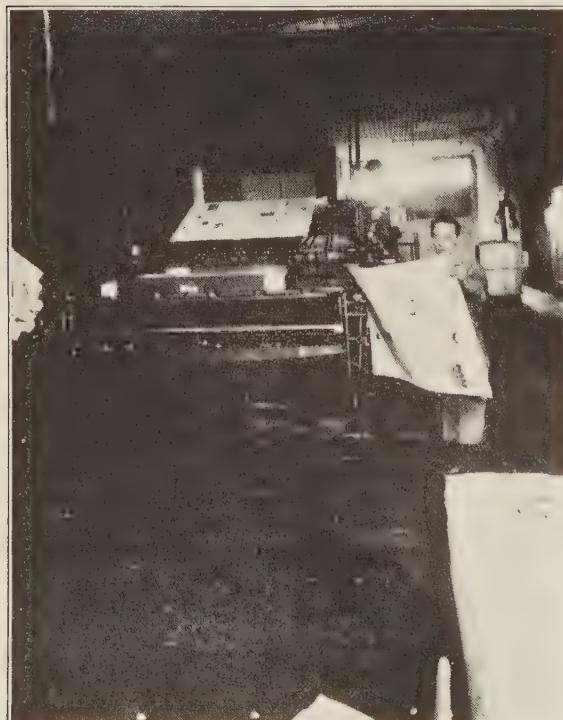
Peeps at Your Pic

The idea behind this group of pictures is to familiarize the readers of the Industrial Pioneer with the different processes necessary in making their magazine. These six pictures only show the major operations; there are several others such as proofreading, making up the pages, correcting galleys, folding the covers, mailing, etc., which we cannot show here for lack of space.

In the picture at the left the first operation is shown. This battery of linotypes not only the type for the Pioneer but also that for all other IWW publications printed in headquarters, is set. When this picture was taken, the operator at the first machine was setting copy for the Hungarian weekly, *Bérmunkás*; the man at the center machine was setting Pioneer copy and the one at the end machine was working on the Bulgarian paper, *Industrialen Rabotnik*.



The picture at the right shows the compositors putting the final touches to one form of the Pioneer. They are making page-proof corrections just before the form is locked up to go to the press-room. This form contains sixteen pages and three of them are needed for each issue of the magazine. These men, as are all others working in the shop where your Pioneer is printed, are members in good standing in Printing and Publishing Workers' Industrial Union, No. 450, of the IWW. It should interest members to know that their magazine is made by fellow workers.



This view shows the Pioneer on the press. Note the size of the sheet on which it is printed. The sheet is 32x44 inches and sixteen pages are printed at one impression. To print a complete copy of the Pioneer this press makes three revolutions and to run each issue about thirty-six hours of press time are required. This press besides turning out 90,000 copies of the Industrial Pioneer last year, also printed 84,000 copies of the Finnish magazine, *Tie Vapauteen*; 2,450,000 two and four-page leaflets and 500,000 pamphlets containing from eight to one hundred and thirty-six pages.

One of the principal reasons for the ignorance and passivity of the workers of the world is the sort of reading material dealt out to them by our capitalistic masters. This press has been doing its best to offset boss propaganda for five years and in that time has turned out millions of pieces of working-class literature.

If every printing press in the country had such a record for working-class propaganda and education, the end of the capitalist system would be in sight. Since the April number of the Pioneer was printed, 15,000 constitutions, over 100,000 leaflets and 20,000 I. U. and General Office Bulletins have been run off on this press. It's a busy machine.

Rebel in the Making

Here we see the next step in making the Pioneer. This machine takes the press sheets, 32x44 and making four folds reduces them to the page size of the Pioneer, eight by eleven inches. About thirty hours continuous operation of this folder is necessary for each number. The press in the background is the one on which the covers of the magazine are printed. A sheet of last month's cover had just come off the cylinder when the picture was snapped.

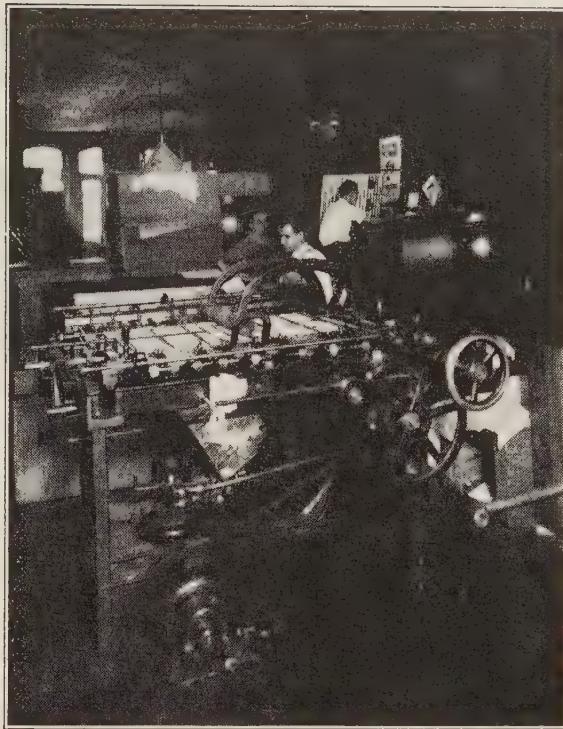
This press and folding machine are also used in printing the Finnish magazine and are valuable assets to our organization in its effort to educate the workers of the world. Just a little to the right, enough to keep it out of the picture, is another folding machine on which the covers are folded, and behind the camera is the large web press on which the newspapers are printed.



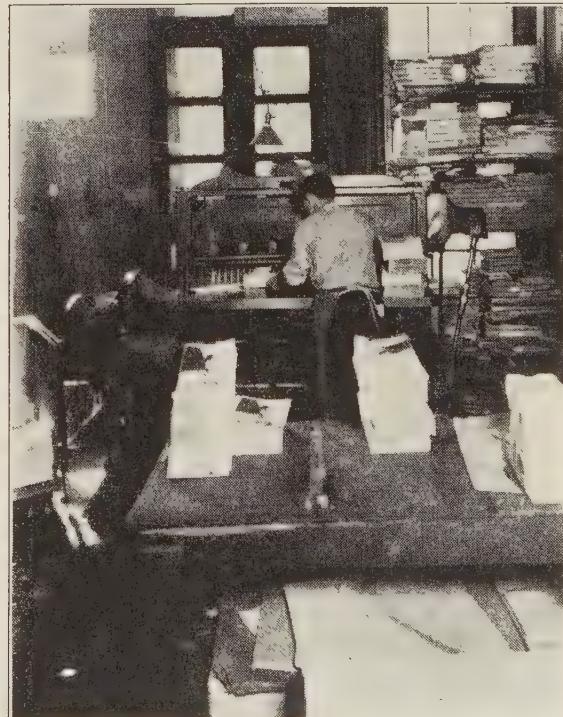
Here we see the Pioneer getting the rough edges trimmed off preparatory to going to the shipping room, from whence it is mailed, not only to every part of this country, but to nearly every country of the world. Rebels in Japan, Australia, China, Spain, Italy, England and many other countries look forward to the coming of the Pioneer with its revolutionary news and views of the American workers each month.

These pictures will give our readers some idea of the labor entailed in making the Pioneer, from a mechanical viewpoint. Of course, they do not show the multifarious activities of the editorial department, in gathering material and pictures, and preparing the copy for your magazine.

The pictures will also give our members a good idea of the kind of print-shop our organization has and perhaps give them more confidence in their task of organizing the workers. No better way of spreading workingclass propaganda and education can be found than keeping these machines busy. Our print-shop is one of the best owned by any poor organization in America and the Industrial Pioneer is its pet product. Boost the Pioneer. It's yours alone. A magazine written by rebel workers, printed by rebel workers, for rebel workers.



The picture at the left shows the bindery girls putting the covers on the Pioneer and stitching the folds. These girls also mail the single copies to subscribers. Besides the Pioneer, these girls work on Solidarity, Il Proletario, Bérmunkás, Industrialen Robotnik, Solidaridad and Tie Vapauteen. They also make the little red cards, now famous all over the world; 80,000 of them last year. Song books, pamphlets, leaflets, constitutions and industrial union by-laws also flow from their department in a steady stream. Time never hangs heavy on their hands—there's too much to be done.



The Stuff They Fight About



By CARD No. 455306



Prevent War—Join Oil Workers' Industrial Union No. 230 of the IWW.

THE black fuel oil burst from the pipes, there in the fireroom of the Horace Luckenbach, and gushed over the floor plates in an ugly mess as a fireman turned the wrong valve.

Followed furious work with rags and shovel before we emerged, sweaty and smeared.

"That's the goddam stuff the world goes to war about," remarked the water-tender who had been cynically watching us wipers swab up the mess.

He was right. That black, sticky stuff we were cleaning up there in the bowels of our big freighter, running north along the western coast of Mexico, is that "goddam" stuff that brings revolutions in Mexico and Central America, world conferences at San Remo, Genoa and Lausanne and may soon plunge the nations of the earth into a titanic "war for democracy" and oil.

I have just been reading two volumes on the clash of world oil interests—just published. They are books that every member of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union or the Oil Workers' Industrial Union, or, in fact, every class conscious worker anywhere would do well to read in order to keep posted on latest developments of this source of power and wars. Both the books are written from a capitalistic bias but they contain facts of importance to the workers whom the capitalists will expect to fill the trenches in the next imperialistic struggle for oil. One is the "World Struggle For Oil," by de la Tremerye, a Frenchman, and the other, "Oil and Anglo-American Relations," by two Englishmen, E. H. Davenport and Sidney Russell Cooke.

As I said, both are written from the capitalist viewpoint. The labor problem hardly occurs to the writers: they are unfolding the growth and development of titanic commercial enterprises which are competing for world power. Both books are written from a more or less nationalistic bias—the one French and the other English, but—fortunately for their value to American readers, the nationalistic blinkers they wear are not made in America. So both give the facts readily as they see them about the American government's relationship to Standard Oil, the relationship which is expressed very aptly by the Frenchman when he says: "The American Government bows down to Standard Oil."

"The American government bows down to Stan-

dard Oil." This statement sounds very commonplace to readers of the Industrial Pioneer, but these oil books spice up their conclusion with some real paprika facts drawn from the field of international oil diplomacy. Again and again they prove that the Standard Oil is the government, as far at least as the foreign policy of the State and Navy departments are concerned. They show, for example, the American government thundering its demand for the "open door" (for oil concessionaires) in Persia and the British government "bribing"—yes, that is the word used—bribing the American government, mind you, by a concession to the Standard Oil. The little concession was nothing less than half the oil rights of Northern Persia. The American government had been getting rough, not only as far as Persian oil fields were concerned but elsewhere, so this juicy morsel was handed its other self. Uncle Sam's identity with the Standard is again shown in a dispute for the "open door" in the great 4,000,000 acre Djambi oil fields in the Sunda Islands of the Dutch East Indies. Standard found herself barred and the black gold flowing into the coffers of Royal Dutch Shell. So our arrogant American oil lords walk right into the legislative halls at the Hague and demand the right to operate in the Dutch colonies. "Who is this?" asked Dutch legislators. "Is this just a private oil company or the American government that talks so boldly?" The answer was not long in coming. Whiskered Hughes sent a haughty note from Washington that showed Washington and Wall Street

were a little closer even than Siamese twins. Again we see American naval forces rushed to Central America at the behest of Standard Oil and the Washington government again on the job sabotaging Mexican governments that were slow in coming through to the bleeders of 26 Broadway.

Little of this Standard oil dope has been coming out in the Teapot sewage. If you follow the scandal flow you will notice that our progressive senators have been busy shoveling out the Sinclair and Doheny muck but that the Gargantuan cesspool at 26 Broadway has hardly been touched. The Wheelers, Brookharts and Co. are letting the masters of America alone.

* * * *

Just as the Standard is backed by its government in its oil demands so the Royal Dutch Shell and the Anglo-Persian are backed by their government. So, if the American worker is thrown into the trenches in a camouflaged war for democracy which is really a war for oil, he will be just a pawn in the game between the American and the British oil trusts.

Let us look more closely at these three oil powers:

The Standard is still the mightiest and she is backed by the most powerful capitalist country. Her annual turnover is more than 30,000,000 tons a year as compared with the 16,000,000 tons of the Shell and the 3—4,000,000 tons of the Anglo-Persian. It is true that the Shell and the Anglo-Persian may control greater undeveloped fields which will make them bigger factors than the Standard in the future unless war wrests these fields away, but as far as the present situation is concerned the American saphead can still boast that his trust is the "biggest."

The Standard is hundred per cent American in its ownership and control:

The Royal Dutch is basically British. Even her chief, Sir Henri Deterding, has dropped his original citizenship for the title of "Englishman." The Royal Dutch Shell is allied with the gold of the Rothschilds and with the American banking house of Morgan; in fact, it has huge American interests, but for all that it is an English company and the British foreign office has again and again gotten behind it.

The Anglo-Persian is hundred per cent British. In fact it is a state owned octopus. Two-thirds of the stock is owned outright by the British government and the other third is controlled by the Admiralty through the Burmah Oil Company. Its products were formally marketed through the Royal Dutch Shell, but of late there has been competition though it stands with the Shell in a crisis as against the Standard.

So there they are: the three great oil giants. Giants, nay, Titans, sweeping governments in their trail and with interlocked corporation connections that make them invulnerable to anything except each other and the power of labor.

The rivalry between the Standard and the British trusts has become more intensive in the last few years. That is because the evolution of industrial science has made oil enormously more important than it was a dozen years ago. The market has expanded while oil fields have been playing out. So the rivalry is both for the bigger and more lucrative markets and for the newer oil fields from which these markets must be supplied.

In the days when Rockefeller got his start they burned kerosene in lamps. Today oil is running most of the ships of the world, driving stationary engines, speeding locomotives, millions of autos and motor trucks and providing fuel for the airplane and the dirigible. World oil production is nearly as great in one year now as it was in the ten-year period from 1890 to 1900. And America, the most industrialized nation, and consequently the greatest oil user, has become an importer of oil. She still ships oil abroad, it is true, but this is far more than balanced by the oil she ships in from Mexico and other outlying fields. This new and crying need of American capitalism for outside sources of oil supply led to the selection of an oil president in 1920 (Wilson having been rather a Morgan-banking president) and has changed America's foreign relations.

The Standard is now showing unbridled haste in going after the world's oil resources. Unfortunately for her these fields are nominally under the control of her rivals. The old Standard—the oldest of all the oil trusts—had gotten kind of stiff jointed and allowed Royal Dutch Shell and Anglo-Persian to slip in where she now wants to be.

The Standard did not need to own the home oil fields to exploit them. By owning 69 per cent of the pipe-line mileage, by ownership of refineries and influence with railroad companies she could skim the cream off the independents' milk. But this didn't work so well abroad and today she finds that her British rivals control the great bulk of the world's potential oil supply. The Standard exploits most of the present production but the future production is in the hands of the Royal Dutch and Anglo-Persian unless the Standard can shift the balance by force or diplomacy.

This she is now trying to do. Her diplomacy, it may be explained, is a threat of force, a threat of force by the American government which she controls. Sometimes the force is actually exerted, as in the case of Central America.

* * *

The case for war or not seems to depend on whether the Standard (American government's) threat of force continues to work or whether she will have to make good by hurling her country's war legions at the British combine.

We mentioned before that the British government bribed the American by giving the Standard fifty-fifty rights in Northern Persia. Britain gave away "rights" she had won by a long series of

bribes to Persian officials and by her military operations during and after the war for democracy.

It is the opinion of Messrs. Davenport and Cooke that this bribe won't work. It appears that the maw of Standard Oil is insatiable. The question is how far Britain will give way before she fights.

* * * *

If America goes to war for oil it will be comparatively soon. Think this over, workingmen, for you will be the ones to fill the trenches and graves of the next war and the only oil you will get out of it will be the oil that sticks to your hands in fueling the ships and the motor lorries that are used in fighting for the big loot.

The reason why American imperialism is playing her oil hand hard now is that every year she waits makes her rivals stronger in oil and being stronger in oil means being stronger in war. The oil fields Britain controls in the four corners of the world are largely undeveloped or else in the hands of Soviet Russia. The actual production needed to fight a war with still comes largely from the western continent. If a war broke now England would be in severe difficulties unless her tankers could bring oil from Mexico and other fields on the Caribbean Sea—and U. S. submarines would be in a position to play havoc with those tankers. But if the war can be delayed until after Mosul and Mesopotamian fields are in a well developed condition, England will be sitting prettier.

* * * *

Oil was not such a basic power factor in the war of 1914-1918 as it is today, but it was just this important that it turned the tide of war.

And American oil won the war. This fact is mentioned not from reasons of patriotism. I get no patriotic thrill out of America's part in the saturnalia of bloodshed that has just passed. It is mentioned only to show the strategic force of the situation.

The Allies won the war when the Standard Oil finally agreed in 1917-18 to forego its rivalry with the Shell. The Standard, which had helped to keep the American government out of it for a time finally saw the light and in its language to Lord Northcliffe said, "It's our war as well as yours."

A concrete instance of how oil changed the face of the war is shown by France. At the beginning she used railroads and coal. Her oil production in 1914 was only 476,000 tons. By 1918 the production was 1,000,000 tons. In 1914 she was shipping troops by railroad. By 1918 she was shipping them by motor lorries, driven by gasoline. That was partly because German shells tore up railroad lines, partly because motor lorries were a more mobile form of transportation. In addition she was using thousands of airplanes. Statisticians tell us that in 1914 France had only 132 airplanes, 110

motor lorries and 50 military tractors. By 1918 she had 4,000 airplanes and 8,500 motor lorries. And the German offensive in March of that year found itself resisted by adequately fuelled lorries and airplanes. American oil won, for France, over German coal.

It might be said in passing that the war put out of business the great German concern that was tending to dominate Europe—the Europeanische Petroleum company which went down with its government.

* * * *

The Standard Oil, the Royal Dutch Shell and the Anglo-Persian may go to war among themselves, with the Standard on one side and the other two on the other side. Again, it is possible that they will get together into a great world trust. That possibility is hinted at by de la Tremerye and the possibility seems more plausible when we consider the financial interlocking of the Shell subsidiaries with American capital.

BUT, in any case, the working class has a war with all of them—the class war for the industrial power they now have. Until the workers do take control of the industries they will be the military slaves of the oil trusts and allied concerns during imperialistic wars and the civil slaves during times of "Peace." (What irony in that word?)

"If the workers take a notion," as Joe Hill would say, they can stop all scheming oil trusts, by taking power themselves.

Both of the two oil books we have been considering give different tips to capitalist governments as to how to get world economic power. These tips are just as good to the workers.

The Frenchman's book lays all the emphasis on oil. "Who has oil controls the seas," he says. Well, that is in line with our program. So "oil power to Oil Workers' Industrial Union."

The Englishmen lay the emphasis on the seas. "Who controls the seas controls the oil. Seapower is first," say these Johnny Bulls, advising their government that unless they continue to control water transport their outlying oil possessions won't be of any value to them in case of war.

Again we agree. "All power on the seas to the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union," we say. The MTW will show these greedy plutes who's the boss on the water.

All power to the workers. The Oil Trusts are arrogantly parcelling out the world with the aid of their governments. The industrially organized workers must be just as arrogant as Standard Oil; just as arrogant as Royal Dutch Shell; just as arrogant as the Anglo-Persian.

The workers created all the wealth that Rockefeller and Henri Deterding are flaunting and they are going to take it with the arrogance that goes with conscious strength.



No. 744, Missing in Action

(Continued from page 6.)

As the boy had fallen in a depression between the track and the gob the explosion passed over him without doing him further injury. Slowly consciousness returned to him. He opened his eyes.

All was quiet and so dark he could feel it. Luckily his light had been extinguished thus, probably he was saved from fatal burns while lying unconscious under the heavy door. He sat up. "Must have been a 'splosion," he commented. His cap and lamp were lost in the darkness. He began feeling around for them, but he could only search with one hand. His left arm was broken.

At last he found the lamp. Gas was still spurting from the tip. He placed the lamp between his knees to hold it while he placed his hand over the reflector to accumulate a pocket of gas before rolling the sparker. Then a thought flashed thru his mind—"Will there be another 'splosion when I light this?" He hesitated and sniffed for a smell of gas. He then breathed through his mouth. Ah! Black damp, dead air. He could taste it. He knew the taste. It made him want to spit and spit some more. He remembered how the taste had lingered for days after the time the fan was stopped for two days without the men being notified. And how sick all the men had been that second day when they had all gone out in a body. He remembered how some had fallen while walking out and were carried the rest of the way by their buddies. And of how many others had keeled over too weak to stand after receiving their first breath of pure air.

All these thoughts flashed through his mind in the moment he hesitated. But the taste of the black-damp warned him that he had not a moment to lose. He knew that even then every breath was bringing certain death nearer. So he rolled the steel and sent a flood of sparks into the tiny stream of gas spurting from the tip of his lamp. The flame did not look white like a gas light, but red like the setting sun, for there was but little oxygen in the air. He looked at the place where the door had been. Only the collar or cross timber at the top remained and one end of it hung loose. He could not find the door but he remembered a piece of canvas he had seen in a cross cut not far away so he hurried there half expecting to find it gone. But the cross cut had been out of the path of the explosion and although the wooden brattice in the cross cut was torn down the canvas was still there.

He dragged it up to the place where the door had been and hung it over the collar the best he could then piled coal and rocks on the bottom of the curtain he had formed.

"Now," he said, "if the fan starts that coal and slate will hold the curtain down and force the air to go up the air-course and if any of the miners are yet alive—it may save their lives." Just then a heavy fall of slate in some remote part of the mine caused a hollow *Boo-oo-oom!* to reverberate through the mine and the little lad struck a trot toward the bottom of the shaft. He expected the whole mine to start caving any minute. He passed the still,

forms of several miners, twisted and burned beyond recognition. They had been in the main path of the explosion and some of them were literally torn to pieces. The poor kid shuddered and hurried on. At last he reached the bottom of the shaft only to find it jammed with wreckage.



EUGENE BARNETT

One of the "Centralia Boys." Serving a sentence of from 25 to 40 years in Walla Walla penitentiary.

a wail of despair and hundreds of women and children came running toward the shaft.

An immense cloud of smoke began to spread from over the shaft and settle over the camp like a black pall. As soon as the heavy debris quit falling the men rushed out from their places of refuge and took a look at the wreckage. The tipple was a wreck. Huge timbers lay criss-crossed in all directions and one side of the iron fence that had surrounded the shaft was down, leaving an open passage to the yawning hole that had been the shaft. Ends of timbers and lagging could be seen hanging out from the sides of the shaft and the whole shaft seemed to be working; grinding and creaking noises came up from below as the loosened casing settled. And frequently a hollow *boom!* would denote the falling of another timber to the bottom of the shaft. All the men began giving orders at once. Naturally all orders were different. While they were arguing an old man with white hair, a wrinkled face and sparkling

blue eyes came running from a house nearby. "Here, boys," he shouted, "don't argue, but do as I tell you." There was authority in his voice and not a bit of indecision. "Two of you put up that fence," he ordered, "and four of you keep the women from jumping into the shaft while the rest of us get the fan started and organize a rescue party."

No one seemed to question the old man's authority though none of them had ever seen him before. They seemed glad to take orders from the old fellow and started working feverishly at the tasks he had set for them.

The old man with the rest of the men hurried to the fan-house and inspected the fan. They found that the explosion had not affected the air shaft at all. The fan was all right and all it needed was power to make it go. A stairway in the shaft served as a manway up which the miners could climb if any remained alive. The old man hurried to the power house and found the electrician working feverishly to get the power on again. There was a short circuit and a lot of grounded wires somewhere inside the mine, so he had to make some changes in the wiring and run a temporary line to the fan-house.

Upon inquiry the old man learned there was only one safety lamp and it was at the Super's house and him away attending a meeting of the operators called to devise ways and means of keeping the union out of Somerset County. The old man turned to one of the miners and said, "Get that lamp." The miner soon returned with it and no questions were asked as to how he got it.

The temporary line from the power house to the motor in the fan-house was connected up by then and as the current was turned on and the big fan began to roar, a rescue crew composed of the old man and eight volunteers were starting for the head of the stairway in the air shaft when a wail from the crowd of women caused them to look toward the shaft. Black coal smoke was rising out of the shaft in a veritable cloud. The worst had happened, the mine was on fire. The women screamed, some fainted as their last hope was killed, and others broke away from the crowd and ran screaming toward the shaft, intent on jumping into it, to perish as their loved ones had perished. It took the combined efforts of the men and the less hysterical ones among the women to keep them out of the shaft. Just then an angry shout from the road caused all to look in that direction. The



Class-War Widows and Orphans

Wives and children of the members of the IWW incarcerated in Washington State penitentiary at Walla Walla. Mrs. Eugene Barnett is the woman in black to the right with small son standing in front of her. Gateway to prison grounds in back.

manager and the superintendent had alighted from a large touring car and a dozen or more coal and iron police armed with riot guns were jumping out of other cars.

"Hey!" shouted the manager, "Why in the devil don't you reverse that fan? The Super says you are driving the fire right into the development work."

"To reverse that fan means to burn everybody, dead or alive that is in the mine," said the old man who had been leading the rescue work.

"To hell with the bodies," said the manager. "They are dead. We must save my coal. Tell the engineer to reverse that fan."

"No," said the old man, "I will never tell him! It will be murder to do so if any of the men are yet alive and to value coal above a human body is certainly inhuman. You should be ashamed to burn the bodies of the men who have created your wealth."

"Who is this son of a——?" the manager asked turning to the Super. But he never heard the answer for the epithet had scarcely left his lips before he was knocked flat by a well directed uppercut to his fat chin. A rush was made at the old man by the guards, and one sneaking from behind hit him across the neck with an iron bar he had picked up as he sneaked through the blacksmith shop to get behind the old fellow. The manager got up as soon as he saw the old man felled by the gunman. "Fine work, Shamrock," he said.

"His neck is broken," said one of the other gunmen after he had turned the fellow over with his foot.

"Good!" said the manager, whose name was Slurwind, "Drag him out of the way and tell that engineer to reverse the fan."

When the little fellow in the mine found the shaft blocked he started for the manway that led to the foot of the air shaft. Through a narrow winding passage just wide enough for a foot path he hurried. At last he reached the end of the passage and came to a strong oak door. He often tried to open that door in the year and a half he had worked in the mine and never had he been able to do so. The air pressure in the air course on the other side had always been too strong for him and now with a broken arm he had little hopes of being able to do so. He placed his shoulder against the door and put his combined weight and strength against it. It opened so easily he lost his balance and almost fell on his face. In his haste and excitement he had forgotten that the fan was not running and consequently no air pressure against the door. The air was a little better now and he hurried forward to the foot of the stairs and began to climb in a down-pour of water that almost took his breath.

Up, up, up he climbed, around and around. The shaft was square and the staircase wound up in spiral, eight steps up, then a landing, then a quarter turn and up eight more steps and the water pouring down on the steps in front of the boy was continually spattering in his face and eyes.

He was weak from breathing the gas, and he suffered agonies from his injuries, but the grit that seems to be inherited in miners' families kept him at his task.

Shortly after he began ascending the stairs the fan started and although the fresh air felt good in his lungs it chilled his wet body and drove the water down with greater force than before. But he threw out his chest, took a deep breath and climbed with renewed vigor. Finally he reached a spot one hundred feet below the surface. The air pressure from the big fan was immense and it would have been impossible for anyone to have climbed much farther in the draft of that big fan. It would also have been folly to try to construct a stairway out of wood strong enough to withstand that gale. So for those reasons the shaft had been driven double width the first hundred feet down, and a wooden partition divided it in the center. One side was the air shaft and the stairway led up the other to the outside. A heavy oak door closed the doorway in the partition at the bottom of the double shaft.

Naturally, this door opened into the air shaft and the air held it shut. So great was the pressure that only a strong man could open the door. Try as he would the little lad could not open it. At the very moment the old man was trying to prevent the fan from being reversed the boy was tugging at the door crying and shouting for help. He was so near the top and yet so far from being out. His loudest cries were but a whisper in the roar of the big fan. To climb the slimy, water-soaked planks of the shaft casing would have been im-

possible even with two hands, so the poor kid sat down and cried. As he sat there trying to think of some way to open the door the air stopped whistling down the shaft. The fan had stopped.

Quickly he sprang to the door, pulled it open and began running up the stairs. The fan began to roar again and he felt a draft of hot air from below. The fan had been reversed.

By the time he reached the top of the third flight above the door the smoke was so thick he was groping his way feeling the stairs with his hand. The sulphur fumes in the smoke were choking him. The carbon monoxide gas was deadening his senses. Still he struggled upward. The smoke grew hotter and hotter. He felt like a spider suspended above a candle. He tried to hurry, to climb faster.

Only fifty feet more, he must make that.

The staircase burned through some place beneath him and he felt the stairs sag then tear loose above and start sinking toward the bottom. He made a blind rush up the stairs in a last mad effort to reach the top.

When he reached the place where the stairs and casing had pulled apart he ran around on the landing feeling for the next flight of stairs which was hanging in the air about a foot above his head. Could he have seen he might have climbed up and got onto them and climbed the remaining thirty feet to safety. But as it was he stumbled over the edge of the casing and fell in behind it, between it and the shaft wall. The fall rendered him unconscious so he did not know when the shaft became a seething furnace a few minutes later. The fan was soon a mass of warped steel and as it ceased to turn the flames began to recede into the mine again.

Several months later Shamrock was sitting in the Super's office and the Super remarked: "I can't see what became of that Brown kid that was trapping in the Main. His check is the only one we haven't found. He was sure a game little devil. We found one of those old curtains that we tried that fire-proofing solution on a year or so ago lying on the track where his door used to be and it had slate piled on one end of it. Part of the collar was under it where the fire could not get to it, so it looked as though he had tried to put up a curtain after his door was blown to pieces. We found his bucket there, but not a sign of him.

"That old cow of a mother of his has been talking to those newspaper reporters and we have had to buy off two that had slipped in. She told them all about her old man and the other two boys getting killed. She claims she had a dream and the kid came to her bed and told her he would have gotten out if we hadn't reversed the fan. I got a telegram from Johnstown, saying a traveling delegate for the IWW is headed this way. We must head him off and keep him out of camp, or if he gets in, see that he never gets out. If

that old woman ever got to him with her story and he got out of camp with it the jig would be up with us, for you know every one of the delegates are correspondents for their paper—Industrial Solidarity, and as it is owned and controlled by the rank and file we couldn't possibly buy it off. He may be looking for that old grey-haired duck that got his neck broke the day of the explosion, too. You know we found an IWW card on him."

A few days later a gang of men were putting a new casing in the air shaft when one of the gang found a charred body of a small boy in the crevice of the rocks, about forty feet from the top. It was burned to a crisp and could not have been recognized by anyone who had known it in life. But none of the crew had ever known the boy, for they were a new crew. The few men who had been outside the mine the day of the explosion had slipped away under cover of darkness to escape the brutalities they knew would be meted out to them by the Pennsylvania Cossacks if they were caught leaving. None of the men had known Bobby Brown but in the ashes that had been washed from around the body a brass check was found with the figures 744 stamped into it. That was the number that preceded the name of Bobby Brown on the company's books. One of the men took the check to the Super's office and reported the find. The Super hurried to the shaft and ordered the body left there until dark when it could be removed without attracting the attention of the women in camp. Then pulling the shift boss to one side, said: "It would never do for his mother to find out that he was that near out when we reversed that fan. She would make us no end of trouble; we are having hell with her at it is. You tell the crew to keep their mouths shut about it and they will each get a bonus when the job is finished. I will see the old lady this afternoon and try to get her hushed up."

That night Shamrock, accompanied by two other gunmen, took the remains of little Bobby from the shaft and buried them in the dump below the mine. As the dump was burning continuously, his ashes would soon be mingling with those of the old, grey-haired man who had so nearly rescued him on the day of the explosion and whose body had also been consigned to the dump.

When the Super called on the boy's mother he was as nice as pie. "Howdy! Mrs. Brown, I called to see if you need anything in the way of groceries or anything," he said.

"No, not from you," she replied.

"Please don't take that attitude, Mrs. Brown," pleaded the Super. "The company wants to help you. I have spoken to the manager about offering you a position if you can see your way clear to accept it."

"Oh! You want to buy me off again, eh?" she answered with fine sarcasm. "When you came to our little log-cabin home in Tennessee and per-

suaded John to sell our little corn and bean patch and come here, you pictured a paradise, with good schools and good houses and a good job for John at wages that would enable us to have a real home and educate our children. You made all kinds of fine promises. But after you got us here you put John in the most dangerous place in the mines. Then after you got him and the two oldest of our boys killed I was foolish enough to let you take my Bobby into that old place and get him killed too. I needed his help to feed the other children, but now,—but now,—" she had choked up and began crying.

"Please don't cry, Mrs. Brown," said the Super. "I know it's hard. But remember it is always darkest just before the dawn. We all have our ups and downs, but every cloud has a silver lining and we will help you if you will let us. It will pay you to listen to reason. You know you can't possibly win a suit against us. We have the best lawyers in the state and we have the contract you signed when the boy went to work saying he was sixteen years old. No jury would ever believe that you signed those papers without knowing what was on them. Personally, I would like to see you win. But I know you haven't a chance. We don't want to be hard on you, but we have to protect ourselves. Better think that offer of a position over and I will call again in a day or two. Good day!" He went out and down the hill muttering to himself, "Damn her! She is liable to cause us a peck of trouble yet. I know what I will do. I will have Miss Kaufman call on her in the guise of a Friend (Quaker) and talk her into dropping the suit.

The following day a demure little Quaker knocked on Mrs. Brown's door. "Good morning!" she said, when the door had been opened. "I am doing relief work among the families who lost their loved ones in the mine accident and I heard of thy trouble and have come to help thee. I brought thee a few groceries and some cookies for the children," she held out a basket and asked "Will thee accept it?"

Mrs. Brown took the basket and thanked her and then placed a chair for her. They talked quite a while and finally Miss Kaufman or Miss Baker, as she had introduced herself, managed to lead the conversation around to the right point for her to ask about Mrs. Brown's plans for the future, without arousing suspicion. In half an hour she had persuaded her to accept the job the Super had offered her. She promised to sign the contract the next time the Super called and Miss Baker took her leave. Half an hour later she stepped out of the company hotel and tripped over to the Super's office—a typical flapper. "Well, old dear, she fell like a ton of brick!" she exclaimed as she entered the office where the Super was awaiting her.

Next day the Super appeared at Mrs. Brown's door and asked if she had decided anything definite about that "position." "Yes," she answered, "I have

(Continued on page 48.)

Canadian Pulp Wood

(Continued from page 8.)

practically all of which is to be attributed to United States demand. Paper exports to the United States from Canada increased in the year from \$65,000,332 to \$86,625,488. Exports of chemical pulp increased from \$27,546,783 to \$31,274,416. Mechanical pulp exports increased from \$5,536,578 to \$7,522,477.

Over 77 per cent of Canada's pulp exports found their way to the United States, and more than 92 per cent of her newsprint exports. Of a Canadian production of 1,263,000 tons 1,137,000 tons of newsprint were exported, this being the first time newsprint exports have crossed the million mark. Of this the United States took 1,115,355 tons, leaving a total of 22,607 tons for shipment to overseas countries. The value of Canada's newsprint exports account for 60 per cent of the value of her total pulp and paper exports.

This newsprint phase of the industry is the significant one at the present time and the day is practically within sight when the United States will have fallen behind Canada in production, and the Dominion have a world supremacy in this regard. For some time the tendency has been evident for United States mill production to decline while that of Canadian mills rises. Canada's newsprint output in 1923 of 1,263,000 tons was 16 per cent greater than in 1922, and 56 per cent greater than in 1921, while the United States production of 1,485,000 tons for the same year was only 2.5 per cent greater than in 1922, and the first recorded increase for some time.

Canadian mills for the manufacture of newsprint are continually being expanded and added to as increased demand across the line calls for a greater output and a larger volume available for export. The total average daily production of Canadian newsprint machines in 1922 was 3,825 tons per day; in 1923 this capacity was 4200 per day; throughout 1924 recent additions are expected to make the average daily capacity about 4,700 tons, bringing the production for the present year in the neighborhood of the United States 1923 output.

The reason for this rapid increase in production is, of course, the declining supplies of raw material in the United States coupled with a steadily increasing consumption. In 1923 there were in the United States sixty newspapers alone which had a circulation in excess of 100,000 copies. During the year these dailies averaged 27 pages and the Sunday issues 101 pages, proportions never before



Laurentide Pulp and Paper-Mill

attained. The consumption of newsprint by the Republic has shown a surprising growth since the commencement of the century. In 1923 there were 50 pounds of newsprint available per capita in the United States as compared with 15 pounds per capita in 1900. This increase of 230 per cent explains why the United States now consumes more newsprint paper than all other countries of the world combined, and the reason why, having largely drained her own resources, she must perforce call on Canada to supply her needs. From 1913 to 1923 Canada's exports of newsprint to the United States increased from 219,602 tons to 1,115,355 tons, or by 863 per cent; showing the inability of the Republic to keep pace through her own manufacture with her increasing consumption. As a matter of fact the United States has come to depend on Canada for 95 per cent of its newsprint supply, and the Republic consumes 85 per cent of the Canadian fabricated product.

The pulp and paper industry of Canada differs basically from that of the United States in its every phase by a sense of permanency. According to reliable computations few mills in the United States have raw supplies which will keep them busy for more than ten years longer. Canada's timber resources loom up magnificently vast because they have, as yet, suffered comparatively little exploitation or depletion, but with the same prodigal methods pursued definite limits could be placed to their length of existence. The permanent nature of the Canadian industry rests, not upon the ilimitableness of resources, but upon the intelligent methods of utilization followed by the corporations owning them, and a close supervision maintained by the various governments.

WOBBLES

AND FOR GOOD REASONS

Three men met on a corner and started to talk about the different unions they belonged to. One was an AFL man, one belonged to the Brotherhood of Trainmen and the third was an IWW.

The Trainman asked the AFLite, "If you were not an AFL man what would you be?"

"Oh, I'd be a Trainman, then," answered he.

"And you," asked the AFL man, of the Trainman, "what would you be if you were not a Trainman?"

"Why, I'd be an AFL man," said Bill Lee's follower.

Then turning to the Wobbly they inquired, "Now, if you were not an IWW what would you be?"

Quick as a flash came the answer, "I'd be ashamed of myself."

NEW BOOKS

Twenty thousand legs under the sea.

By Mack Sennett.

So I took the fifty thousand dollars.

By Albert B. Fall.

That old gang of mine.

By Harry Sinclair.

What to do when stung by a rattler.

By Henry Ford.

THE JOY KILLER

The Editor may search and search
Through all the jokes in store,
But someone's always sure to say:
"Aw, I've heard that one before."

—Selected.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Critics are funny fellows—when they do not take the pains to know completely what they are criticizing. Occasionally they remind us of an impulsive pup we once knew. His favorite outdoor sport was jumping at conclusions. Every automobile that passed, every horse, was an enemy to be driven down the street in ignominious flight. After causing each successive auto or horse to flee in terror, as he thought, that pup would lie down and pant with satisfaction. One day he spied a sleepy old nag ambling down the highway. As usual, the pup leaped at once to a conclusion: This time it was a mule's conclusion he leaped at; now that pup travels with a limp.—*Writers Monthly*.

Moral:—Look before you leap; know before you attempt to criticize.

HE KNEW WHERE THEY WERE

An Irish sailor making his first trip was ordered by the captain to clean his binoculars. As the glasses were very valuable he was cautioned to be very careful and not lose them. An hour later he appeared before the captain. "Say, Captain, if you know where a thing is, you couldn't say it was lost, could you?" he queried.

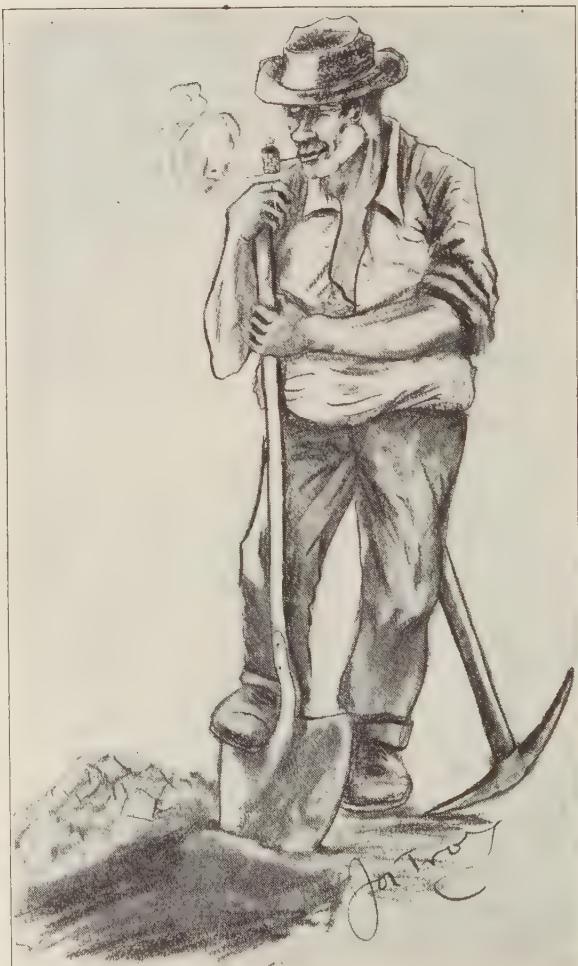
"Why, of course not," answered the captain.

"Then your glasses are not lost," said the son of Erin. "They're at the bottom of the ocean."

NO CHANCE TO ENJOY LIFE

"What kind of a fellow is that efficiency expert?"

"Well, he never enjoys an ocean voyage because there is so much salt going to waste."



No—Not The Angelus

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

“Bill and the Boss”

The Boss Gets a Rude Shock From Bill this Time

By LLOYD EMMONS

THE Boss was out to the camp again yesterday. He had not been out for several weeks owing to other important business. He had to aid Mrs. Rich and the children to get started on their regular winter trip to California, a trip their family physician said was very necessary to Mrs. Rich's welfare as her nerves were all unstrung from attending to her many social duties and supervising the work of her servants.

It is reported that Mrs. Rich gave to the Salvation Army over \$1,200.00 worth of clothing, to be given (for cash) to the poor and needy of the city before she left for her much needed rest. Mrs. Rich was always very charitable to the poor, and often said she felt **so sorry for the unfortunate creatures.**

Of course it will be a hardship on Mr. Rich to be separated from his family for two months, but as his friends all know, Mr. Rich is always ready to sacrifice his own interests whenever the welfare of Mrs. Rich is involved, and he has already engaged "Dolly De Swift" (unbeknown to Mrs. Rich) to supervise the household during her absence.

The Boss, too, had to attend "The Lumbermen's Association" meeting as there were some very important questions to be threshed out.

Persistent rumors had reached the bosses' ears that the IWWs were busy in their (the bosses') camps and they must resort to some very drastic, concerted action or they (the Wobblies) would all quit work in the spring and their (the bosses') profits would suffer, so they decided to shut down some camps altogether and to run the rest only half force and that would **keep** many of the workers hungry and on the labor market, and they would be only too glad to "scab" when the Wobblies called the strike.

The Old Soft Soap

That, too, fits in with scissor-bill psychology but it seems the bosses would know by this time that the Wobblies would as soon starve off the job as on it, and they would not be taking nearly the chances of being killed.

The boss on reaching camp, in his new Pierce-Arrow, had several questions and a lot of "bull" to shoot at Bill, but Bill is not as good a target for "bull" as he used to be for he has been studying and thinking for **himself** (instead of for the boss) and reading quite a lot of IWW literature, so the boss instead of finding him the plastic clay, the meek and humble slave, as in the days gone by, soon found he was fooling with TNT.

After a cheery "Good morning, Bill" and an inquiry as to Bill's wife and kiddies in Seattle, the boss soon warmed to the subject that was nearest his heart and pocket book.

"Say, Bill," says the boss, "you no doubt, being right on the job have heard some of those Wobblies

hinting about striking this spring, and you know that **prosperity to me** means **prosperity to you**—but if those **damned wobblies** strike and are able to tie up our camp you can see I'll not be able to support my own family the way they are **used to**, to say nothing of supporting you and your family, but with the aid of you and some of the other men that I can depend upon **we can** keep them from tying up our camp, and then **we can** give them the laugh when they see that **our camp is running**, and . . ."

"Back up. Back up," says Bill. "Sure, I've been right here on the job, and it sometimes seems that a job is as necessary to me as a trunk is to an elephant, but when I've got a job all I get is abuse and a meager existence and I exist without the abuse when I haven't any job—so I've quit worrying about that. And as to the Wobblies hinting about striking—they are not hinting a **damned bit**, but say they are **going to strike and strike and strike until you and your class of parasites open the jail doors and free the workers that realized they were in the working class as long as they lived, and were the men to tell the other workers that as individuals they were absolutely helpless and that they must organize into a union of their own class and fight you and your class at every foot of the way.**

The Cold Hard Facts

"And they are, too, going after higher wages, less hours per day and all around better conditions. And then they are going to **strike** some more until the **profit system** is a thing of the past, and that will of course end **'wage slavery.'**

"And say, boss, that '**prosperity to you means prosperity to me**' stuff—how do you get that way? Last year you made more in the lumber business than you ever made in one year before, but was I prosperous?

"Not so you could notice it. I slaved out here in the sticks every day until the winter shutdown and when I went into Seattle, in less than a month my money was all gone, the rent day rolled around as usual, and the grocery man (who is in business for profits) told me he could not trust me for he would be taking a chance as to my paying him, and if I could not, it would be killing the **profits** from his cash customers. The wife, the children and I could not get sufficient clothes and food so we went **cold** and **hungry**. I saw **you and your** family riding about the city in your limousine, dressed nicely and warmly, and none of you looked hungry. That was proof a-plenty that you made profits from the 'surplus labor hours' of your slaves when they were employed in the summer to keep **you and yours** in luxury and ease in the winter, with lots of profits to spare.

"Was your prosperity my prosperity? No!

"You sat in your office last winter and laughed at me as I begged for a job. Yes, begged. The jobs

are not mine so I have to beg the privilege to work to keep from starving. If I beg on the streets I am apt to get pinched.

"What is the difference from begging on the street to get something to eat and begging for a job to get something to eat?

"And you spoke of supporting my family and me. I used to believe that bunk, but a Wobbly delegate that was here a while back told us how the workers were born bridled and saddled and you booted and spurred, ready to jump into the saddle to ride upon their backs until their backs weakened; when you put them in the bone yard.

"He read to us the U. S. Government report which stated that the average daily value of production of the wage workers is about \$15.00, and how at night time the workers could buy back about one-quarter of the \$15.00 value they had produced.

"The three-quarters of the value that you took (but did not work for) he termed 'surplus profit' and said that the Wobblies were going to keep on reducing that 'surplus profit' until you could not detect it with a microscope, and then you would be out here in the sticks with us, in **overalls**.

"He said that one of the very big problems that you and your class had to solve was the finding of foreign markets for the **overproduction**, (that had to be) under the present sickly, capitalist system, and that after you had found the foreign markets, and fields to exploit—if you could not get them through 'diplomacy'—you threw us into another war—and we fought the war for you—and you got all the gravy.

"Fine system, eh? Yes, for you.

"And he explained to us that there was really no overproduction.

"The **overproduction** was only because we could buy back at night only about one-quarter of what we produced that day, and because production was carried on for **profit** instead of for **use**.

"He said all **wealth** was produced by **labor**, applied to the natural resources, and he **proved** it, too.

"Say, boss, do you see those big fir and pine trees standing over there on the hill?

"He pointed them out to us how they might stand there for a hundred or two hundred years to come and would not have any value (except a small intrinsic value) until the **workers** got busy on them.

"When the fallers, the buckers, the rigging crew, the loaders, the railroad workers, and the mill crew and other workers, all did their bit on them they would have a value. Those trees would pass through an 'economic evolutionary' period, so to speak, and would be lumber.

"Then the lumber would be loaded onto the cars and shipped to the city; other workers would unload it and take it where workers were building a residence or commercial building. There the **carpenters** would fit and join it into its proper place

and it would have attained its 'full value.'

"**Workers** do all this, but you do not get any pitch on your fingers at all.

"You say we workers should be satisfied. Well, I used to try to be, and sung 'Oh, How I Love My Boss'—but now I'm going to sing 'Solidarity Forever.'

"Say, boss, you came out here to talk to me, but I've done most all the talking, and intend to talk more from now on. I suppose you'll send me down the road, but what the hell is the difference?

"I'll go singing—"To Hell With the Job I Left Behind Me!"

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The Stain

By ADELINE M. CONNER

(A Child's cry in the darkness curses deeper than a strong man in his wrath.)

In the fragrant, sunlit garden,
Where the palm tree casts its shade,
Little children are playing—
Gleeful and unafraid.

Their faces are bright and bonny,
They lift glad hands to the sky,
And call with songs and laughter
To each smiling passerby.

But I'm thinking of other children—
Wee, sorrowing ones of earth—
Robbed of the joys of childhood,
Its innocent, carefree mirth.

I hear their sobs in the darkness,
Their whispers of pain and fear;
And see in their eyes the longing
For all that a child holds dear.

Weary are they, and helpless;
Toil-worn are they, and sad—
Whose voices should thrill with laughter,
Whose faces be bright and glad.

O, men of a mighty nation,
Hosts of a far-flung land,
Do we need the wealth we garner
From a baby's toil-scarred hand?

If we smile when young hearts are breaking
And carelessly turn away,
Unheeding the woes of children
Too weary to shout and play:—

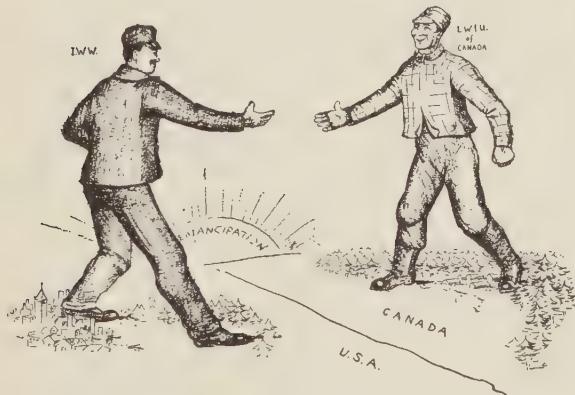
Some day at the bar of Judgment
We shall stand with this stain defiled,
And read our condemnation
In the face of a little child.

Drawing the Lines of the Class Struggle

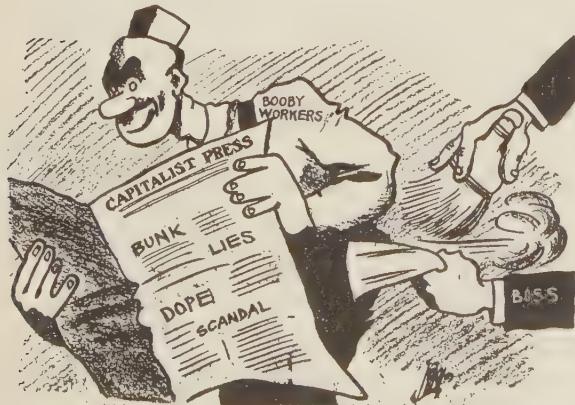
Some of the Events of the Month as Seen by the I. W. W. Press

Special May Day Number

All IWW publications issue special May Day numbers. Industrial Solidarity uses a special front page design and puts out an eight-page number. Industrial Worker prints an eight-page number in two colors. Industrial Pioneer has special cover design and May Day article. The foreign language press observes the day.



Above and below, two cartoons from Industrial Solidarity. The upper one illustrates the accession of 2,000 new members in Ontario where the Lumber Workers' Section of the One Big Union of Canada has voted to merge with the IWW. Below is a smash at the Capitalist Press. Evidence was unearthed in Chicago to show that big newspapers were bringing people to their "goldfish rooms" where they were beaten and tortured into giving exclusive news stories to the papers.



Above is a picture which shows an incident in the great British Columbia strike in the woods. A group of strikers is bringing in the fuel for a fire. This strike has now been returned to the job, with every possibility of successful termination.

Below is the special front page cover design of Tie Vapauteen, IWW Finnish language monthly; it is symbolic of the sort of education that is going on at the Workers' College and in Wobbly branch halls. The diagram on the table is the IWW chart of the industrial unions.



Our Sham Civilization

By H. A. GALLOWAY

HERE is so much talk of men being free and equal, that it is hard to convince some that all of the people have not an equal chance under the present system. When a man cannot be fully educated, cannot exercise his full mental ability, through training and associations, he must degenerate from one generation to another, until he is either a criminal, poverty ridden laborer, beggar or imbecile. He must sink lower and lower in the social scale, while those having the benefit, advantage and opportunity of education, environment, money and idleness in and with which to develop their talents, are improving themselves and their offspring in the so-called civilized society, thus causing an over-fed, over-educated race superior to the over-worked, under-fed, poorly educated mass of working people who produce the wealth of the earth for the capitalist class of idlers. It takes very little common sense to see that the offspring of the overworked, under-fed, uneducated people of the slums cannot have the same chance of wealth as the offspring of educated parents, who have the opportunity of developing their mentality and that of their children. Is that fair to the child that is brought into this world without his consent? No, I don't think so. Everyone, especially the child, should have an EQUAL CHANCE in life.

"Where Men Decay"

This system is what makes the thieves, murderers, degenerates, prostitutes and fills the jails, lunatic asylums and homes for the aged, infirm and homeless, and the streets with cripples and beggars. The city from which I write (New Orleans) is filled with this last class. Everywhere in the city you can see crippled beggars, blind beggars, and degenerates of all kinds on the streets while in the saloons (which run wide open) you can see boys ranging in age from twelve years up, playing slot machines. This civilization was built upon profit. And profit has been the cause of nearly every war known to history and most of the sufferings of the human race—thirst for plunder, wealth, power and fame in varying degrees has set brother against brother for the glory of those in power and made the world a shambles time and again.

The masses are sinking lower and lower in the social scale every year while the wealth of the world is being accumulated into fewer and fewer hands. The only two recognized classes in society are the moneyed or capitalist class, and the wage earners or working class.

Small business men have little chance today. The chain stores, factories, and utility services see to that. Each year the labor supply of the world is

increasing owing to the small business men being forced into the wage earning class and the gradual increase in the world's population. Instead of a decrease in child labor there is an increase owing to machine production and also the cheapness of this class of labor. In place of these children being forced to the point of production by the necessities of life, these jobs should be held by able-bodied men, plenty of whom are unemployed. Laws of nature force us to eat. Laws of man force us to hide our nakedness with some kind of covering. But laws of man do not compel Capital to give us these necessities of life unless Capital sees fit.

What Can They Live On?

Investigators are continually investigating to determine just how low a wage Capital can pay and still keep the wheels of industry turning. Men are forced to underbid each other to keep body and soul together or else break the man-made laws of society and take the consequences of such infraction. Able statisticians say that eighty-five per cent of the people sixty-five years or over are dependent on others for support, and one of the largest employers of labor (Standard Oil Co. of N. J.) seems to want to lower this dependent age twenty years judging by a letter I saw in an employment office here a few days ago.

This letter was a complaint to a shipping master that he had sent a man on one of their tankers who was forty-five years old, reminding him that the maximum age limit for employing men in this company was forty-five years. There is no sympathy or sentiment in Capital. It is strictly a survival of the fittest and devil take the hindmost, regardless of circumstances. A man serves his usefulness on a bare living wage under this system and is then cast aside to starve if charity does not take care of him. Sympathy and charity are not what we want. What we want is our just DESERTS and that is what we are going to get as soon as the working class realizes how foolish they have been through the ages and demand the full product and full revenue of their labor and thus eliminate Capital which is only stolen labor.

Then and not until then will we have equal rights and free speech. Then we will have no street beggars; our sons will not be forced into thievery, our sisters into prostitution, and our old grey-haired mothers into the alms-house. Then we will have little use for jails and insane asylums, for the cause of these institutions will pass when Capitalism passes. Join the IWW and speed the day when this sham society, this sham civilization will be but a memory!





Learning From Henry Ford



By J. E. AND J. D. C.

A JOURNEY INTO THE LAND OF MECHANICAL AND HUMAN AUTOMATISM— WHERE CENTRALIZATION AND DECENTRALIZATION MEET

To describe the Ford Company is, vulgarly speaking, to repeat a "chestnut." It's an old subject, worn threadbare to some. To others it is ever new because of its many-sided interest, and its prime importance as a foremost phase of modern industrial development.

Below will be found the impressions of recent visitors to the principal plant of the company. They approach the subject from several new angles, that will, most likely, interest our readers.

WE dropped off the municipal car. Before us was the Ford plant. We looked at the surface cars. They were inscribed in big letters. "The City of Detroit." And we looked at the auto works. Across their towering chimneys was spread the simple word, "Ford," in gigantic proportions. As we turned from the cars to the chimneys we realized we were confronted with two tendencies. On one hand was public ownership, on the other private, with the latter looming larger and dominating the scene.

Ford has been much be-written, especially by himself. Capitalism has plenty to sell and to defend, and the printed word is its greatest medium and bulwark to these ends. Further, Ford represents the last word in the machine process and too little is known of what he really personifies from this angle. Hence these lines.

We had come to see the Ford industrial system for ourselves and here we were contemplating one of its most conspicuous units from the outside! And this, at the most, is all that's permitted. True, visitors are allowed inside. You see and hear much. **But Labor is not heard;** and the inner penetralia of the works—the executive offices and meetings—are closed to you; and, essentially, you know as much when you leave as when you entered. And that's what is told to you.

But there we were contemplating the Ford Detroit plant. Before us was a very compact series of brick and steel buildings, with white stone trimmings. Five stories high, many blocks wide and hundreds of acres deep all told, they recalled the modern electrical power structures seen in large cities.

We moved towards them, and as we went we

became conscious of a human rush. Men and women—the former mostly—came in currents from up and down the avenue. They focussed on a path, leading down a step into a semi-basement, into which they disappeared. As it was shortly after noon, we concluded that shifts must be changing. Nevertheless, it was a stirring mass that enveloped us on all sides—a quiet, quick-moving mass intent on arriving—where? we were soon to learn!

And now we were in the visitors' waiting room. It looked like an auto salesroom, with many autos on exhibition. We helped ourselves to stacks of literature, advertising and many phases of Fordism; and reflecting its far-reaching ramifications. We scanned the map on the wall, setting forth these ramifications in a vivid, comprehensive manner, with their 600 millions of capital and 157,500 employes. Then we signed a card absolving the company from damages for injuries received, due to unforeseen accidents; and, also, incidentally soliciting information regarding our status, present or prospective, as auto owners and subscribers of the Dearborn Independent, Ford's weekly organ. "Business as usual."

Then we waited for the guide to take us through the works. While thus engaged we were conscious of a giant concussion—an immense throb—that accompanied the steam exhaust in the nearby powerhouse. To us it appeared to be the heartbeat of a mighty organism, that overawed us and impressed us, accordingly. And we wondered how far this feeling of organized vastness overwhelmed and hypnotized the uninformed workers into submission and worship, just as the vastness of the universe has made idolators and bigots of others, also overawed and uninformed?

for the tour of the plant, and so we cease musing, to rally about him.

Now, none but a highly competent technological engineer can describe the Ford plant. It is a collection—a concentration of machine-tools—devoted to auto building. As such it is a marvel representing the highest expression in mechanical ingenuity and methods. These machine-tools are varied in design and purposes. They plane, stamp, bevel, sharpen, convey, raise, bore, press and do a thousand and one different things. They represent centuries of growth and development—the cumulative wisdom of ages and myriads of men. They are united, despite their divergent character and history, into a system in which the old time fable of placing a dog in one end of a machine and getting a string of sausages at the other, is a reality; only here iron and steel castings are placed in one end and autos come out at the other.

We are not technological engineers and so we will not attempt to describe Ford's technologically. We are impressionists, given to impressionistic studies, especially in this instance. And so we will give our impressions only.

Well, into the wilds of the Ford plant we go. We say wilds advisedly; for the system is evident on all sides, though method is too evidently prevalent, there is a clatter and a din, a rush and a turbulence that is distracting and suggestive of madness, rather than deliberate planfulness. Maybe this is prophetic of the outcome of such industrialism. Who can tell?

Well, on we go! We see men, workmen! They are standing besides, are being paced by, machines, conveying machines! They seem numerous, too numerous! They stand alongside of one another, in an economy of space that is marvelous! They perform simple, minute movements. One wipes the oil from a hole in an iron casting. Another inserts a bolt. The third attaches a nut. The fourth tightens it. And so on down the line! Marx says skill is unskill multiplied. Here unskill is skill decentralized, that is decomposed into the simple unskill in whose multiplication it originates.

Economy of space, simplicity of function, quick, automatic motion, big output—that apparently is the Ford formula for huge profits; and it succeeds.

But what of the workers? What manner of men are they? How do they appear in this drama of mechanism par excellence?

To begin with the aged, they are few and far between; practically absent in the departments on exhibition. The majority of the workers are apparently young men, with many middle-aged men and boys among them. The beefy, phlegmatic

type seems to prevail; the sensitive, nervous type is conspicuous by its absence. Endurance and stamina appear to be the strongest qualifications. Otherwise the monotony and the speed would be impossible to stand.

Ford, despite his serious inventiveness, is a man of humor. He says his object is to make work pleasant and expressive of the workers' individuality. Judging from the evidence in his plant, his workers have a queer idea of pleasure and an individuality akin to that of the automaton! "Ford's" is mechanism grown monstrous and subversive of feeling and intellect!

We shouted, above the terrific din, Ford's idea of work to two young men in our touring party. They laughed outright at it. "This isn't work," said one of them. "This is slavery. It won't be long before most of these fellows are nervous wrecks, as a result of it."

As one English critic said, "Ford is not only making autos; he's making fools as well."

We wonder, as we follow the guide, how many of Ford's workers are either killed or injured? As said before, they are numerous and appear to be in one another's way. They are always tense and alert. We saw some workers lying on their backs on small trucks that, propelled by their feet, went along with the conveyor, while with their hands they fastened nuts on the underside of the running board of the auto above them! These men could not see very well ahead of them; and, their stint done, they sat astride their trucks and manipulated them back to the starting point with an alacrity and precision that was marvelous. But can they do that all day and every day without accident? We wonder!

As we said above, Labor's side is not heard in Ford's. Ford is the boss; he speaks for all. And, to judge from his own statements, Ford is an idealist, one of those, apparently, obvious of the realities of life, at least as far as his workers are concerned.



They Come Out To Look at The Camera—High Speed Workers—Absolutely Unorganized.

Nevertheless, Labor at Ford's is being heard. Workmen there write to tell of the degradation that employment at Ford's involves; that the six dollars which he pays is cheap indeed, considering the results secured; and that many work there only long enough to secure funds enough to go elsewhere, where employment is neither so strenuous nor so nerve-wrecking.

Labor turnover at Ford's is of the highest. Though he has a welfare department that strives to mitigate the severities of toil and the paltriness of pay, Labor does not linger long with him, if it can help it. But then this is characteristic of big industry in general. The workers, denied redress through their own organizations, migrate to pastures new, with the result that the labor turnover is now a problem of capitalism. It is the new strike method of labor! "If you don't like your job, quit!" And labor is quitting in a way that is taking on a wholesale character.

Out into the street we go again. We board the municipal car. So do three dozens of Ford's employes. We notice that six of them read newspapers. The others appear to rest, to gaze into space with a sort of tired expression. Some talk; one turns his head and works his eyes and hands with an automatic rhythm, as though he was un-

consciously repeating a motion now no longer necessary.

And we look at the policeman on the street, and recall the large number of the same tribe that appeared in Ford's. Watchmen and straw bosses everywhere, were there! And we look also at the conductor and the motorman, and compare them, to their own advantage with the workmen we had seen before. At least, their work seemed trivial in comparison. So did that of the waitress in the restaurant where we went to get a bite!

As we look back at Ford's now we have an impression of thoroughness; of a regard for detail. Every part is clean. Every part dovetails into some other part. There is no squabbling about centralization versus decentralization there. To the concentration of capital there is added the specialization of labor. To production on a vast scale there is added a minute consideration of individual aptitude! The result is a gigantic whole.

When will Labor learn this lesson? When will it organize as a class, with a regard for all of its parts? Where crafts and castes of all kinds, and union patriotisms and antithetical theories will give way to practical co-operation and operation?

We wonder!

Rebel Girls Help the Fight for Solidarity

(Continued from page 20)

The Employers' Association have loaned the petty garment manufacturers their special labor prosecutor, Dudley Taylor, infamous in the building trades cases. The garment bosses have no worries about expenses. The combined resources of "big business" in the city are backing their fight against labor unity.

Samuel Gompers, fat little Sammy, has been in Chicago for a week. He is staying at one of the best hotels, and he is not at home to any of the strikers. And what is he doing in Chicago? Why he says that he is carrying out the instructions of the last AFL convention, and is making a study of women in industry, with a view to eventual organization. But he is not at home to any of the girl strikers. He has not been seen on the picket line. He has not defied the Denis Sullivan injunction, in spite of the fact that at conventions and such like places Gompers' voice is loudest of all when he calls on workers to defy "government by injunction." Of course, Sam isn't a worker, but he has gone farther than to ask workers to defy the injunction, he has shouted, with emotion choking his vast mouth, that he "longed for the day when he might take his place in jail for Labor's rights." However, he hasn't been seen on the picket line, nor at the police station.

After six weeks the strike is dragging. The labor Federation has made no grand gesture of defiance; has given the minimum fulfillment of its cheap promises. Officials pass the buck to the little leader of the strike, the vice-president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Perlstein has his eyes on the coming convention of the International and mumbles "eeny, meeny, miney, mo" to himself.

The spirit of the girls has kept up snappily. They go undaunted day by day to the picket line. They are not going to let all the bosses of Chicago stop them!

Whatever the outcome, industrial unionists will find their lesson in this strike. They can point out the ineffectiveness of craft organization and tactics. They can see again the need of directly elected officials. They need not be reminded by this strike that protests in council are hard to obtain and weak when achieved; that attempting to influence politicians with words is like trying to coax an unfriendly dog with an empty hand. The power of the injunction weapon when used by organized big business against labor is clear to wobblies again in this strike.

Completest possible organization is the only answer for workers to make to the ever more defiant challenge of hard-pressed capitalism!

Oh, for the Life of a Sailor!

(Continued from page 10.)

Perhaps this will give those unacquainted with life aboard ship, except as it is pictured by our sea-story writers, some conception of what a seafaring man has to contend with, without going into details about the food, most of which is unmentionable and indescribable. Does it look like a bed of roses?

Still, whenever or wherever we try to improve such conditions and raise our pitiable wages, we are called agitators and trouble makers, and oftentimes worse. Call us whatever you like; we are going to fight for better conditions and higher wages until we get them. Words do not bite as hard as bedbugs and cooties, and the pangs of an empty stomach are worse than any epithet.

These are absolutely true facts of the situation in the marine industry today; these pictures were taken aboard a cargo ship and photographic evidence cannot be disputed. We of the MTW of the IWW feel that we can alleviate the misery which besets the sailor on all sides. We know that the MTW is the right kind of an organization; we know that industrial unionism is the only hope of any kind of workers in any industry, and in spite of the contumely heaped upon us by those coke-

headed, twisted-brained fiction writers in the popular-priced magazines and the intellectual prostitutes of the daily press, we are proud to be members of the only real, honest-to-goodness union that ever went to sea and got its feet wet; proud to be members, and fighting members of the only organization that is really trying to better the conditions of the thousands of men who spend their lives at sea. Look at the pictures of our daily life and ask yourself if such conditions are not to be fought against. Ask yourself what you would do were you compelled to labor under like conditions, and then decide whether we are right or wrong—whether the life of a sailor should be worse than that of the old time slaves or whether men who have the guts and courage to daily risk their lives on the broad bosom of the waters should not also have the guts and courage to resist such impositions and the intelligence to organize to change them. Then ask yourself if you, too, would not agitate unceasingly—even though the fiction writers called you “bolsheviki.”

“Oh, for the life of a sailor!” Yes, but we intend that it shall be the life to which the useful labor we perform entitles us; “the life of men.”

All Over the Map

By DANIEL TOWER

ONE of our staff of international observers now in England sends us a story about Lloyd George that the cables didn't carry. During a speech before the general elections, the ex-premier was touching upon the late war, and said something about the “fruits of victory.” And instantly a rebel in the audience sang out: “Yes, we have no bananas.”

* * *

At our cafeteria the other day one of our companions quoted London Punch as saying: “The United States has practically all the world's gold reserve, but apparently it has no bananas. . . .” “I suppose,” said another, “that that is a specimen of British humor. . . .” “No,” said the first, “I think Punch meant it seriously.”

* * *

Something must be done about this immigration problem. . . . Yesterday in a barber shop on Dearborn street a barber of Latin origin dropped a hot towel on a Nordic customer's face. The customer bounded upward from his chair. “You moth-eaten, cast-off synthetic specimen of indifference,” he roared, “what are you trying to do—crack my face open?” . . . “I—I—I couldn't hold it any longer,” said the barber.

We don't know what kind of a moral is proved by this: An old side-kicker of ours, on shore-leave in London, saw in a shop window a lot of statuettes of Edith Cavell. He went inside to inquire the price and discovered on the bottom of one of the statuettes the words: “Made in Germany.”

* * *

Ten years ago today, or thereabouts—the Chicago Tribune published the now classic headline: “Body of Man Found in Empty Barrel.”

* * *

An art expert is one who has learned from experience that a water color is not a picture painted by a man on a raft.

GET INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IWW

This big newspaper is published weekly in the heart of the Central Industrial Empire. Office located right on the edge of the biggest slave market in the world. Contains all official announcements of the General Headquarters of the IWW and all industrial unions. International connections—the Labor News of the World. \$2 per year. Address, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



The Piano and Fragments of Furniture After the San Pedro Police Department had Finished Raiding the IWW Hall. They Met with Absolutely No Resistance, But Vandals Could Not Have Acted Worse.



WRECKAGE INSIDE THE OFFICE.

BRASS BUTTONS AND HOODS

ON the evening of March 17, the IWW hall in San Pedro, Cal., was the scene of a conference of Oil Workers' Industrial Union No. 230 of the IWW. During the conference fifteen Ku Klux Klan cars filled with white-night-shirted men began to circle around the building. This was at half past eight, and a drizzling rain was falling.

Fifteen minutes later, a squad of police entered. With drawn revolvers the police ordered the members to line up along the wall, selected Archie Wright, B. Jellovich, and William Walsh for arrest, and ordered the rest out of the room.

Meanwhile the fifteen Ku Klux Klan cars had stopped circling, and were parked in front of the hall; the passengers in the cars entered the hall.

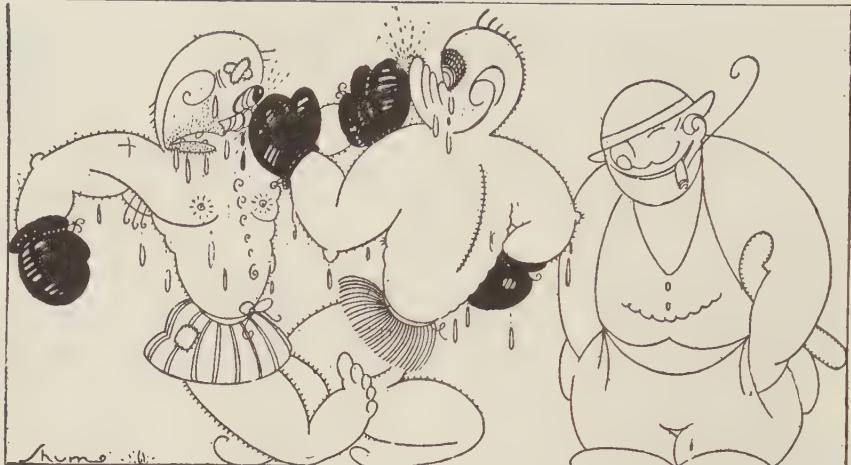
Then began an example of modern police methods, as practiced in Los Angeles, California. Every stick of furniture, the secretary's desk, the chairs, the piano and all else, was smashed into bits, and piled outside of the hall, in the rain. The police stole (it is stealing to seize property without warrant) the cash box of the Prison Comfort Club, stole \$130 worth of organization literature, \$20 worth of defense literature, and \$150 worth of books. They allowed the mob to carry off some of the books. Even a light globe was unscrewed from its socket and carried away by the driver of automobile No. 540-543, which is not a police car.

The IWW continue to hold meetings.

**THEIR VOICES
SHALL BE HEARD
THOUGH THEY
SPEAK IN SPANISH**

The upper cartoon on this page was drawn by Juan Bautista Acher, a man without hope, save in the class-conscious workers of the world. It was drawn in prison in Barcelona, Spain, where Acher lies, under sentence of death, a sentence that has just been confirmed by the highest court of the land. It was drawn by a man without hands, for Acher's were blown into shreds by an explosion, two years ago. He does his drawing by pressing the pencil against his chin with the stumps that are left at his wrist.

Juan Bautista Acher, under the name of "Shum," has been a labor cartoonist since his childhood. At present he is only 22 years of age. When he was twenty he was talking to some girl garment workers in



—Cartoon by Acher.

—From Solidaridad.

THE BOSS: Fine, boys, fine! When you get through I'll lick the winner.

a sweatshop. A bomb exploded in the room below and flying fragments shattered the skilled fingers that capitalists hated so much. Who planted the bomb is not known, but the police made it the excuse for arresting Acher under a charge of having knowledge of the bomb, that is, of conspiracy to commit murder; there was no evidence, so they 'railroaded' him, and now he must die unless Labor saves him.

Ten men are pictured to the left. Two of them, J. M. Rangel and C. H. Cline, are members of the IWW. It was their feeling of international solidarity that got them into prison for 99 years and life, respectively. During the attempt to drive out of Mexico the bloody butcher, Porfirio Diaz, shooter of strikers and jailer of union organizers, these two men accompanied by others tried to enter the Republic of Mexico by crossing several counties of Texas. They were stopped and eight of them including Rangel and Cline, were given long prison terms. Diaz is dead and gone, and many of his successors have gone too, but the heroic ten are still in prison. There they will remain until Labor sets them free.



MARTIRES DE TEXAS Y PRECURSORES DE LA REVOLUCION MEXICANA

—(Solidaridad Photograph)

Book Reviews

THE FASTING CURE

By EDWARD E. ANDERSON

PERIODICALLY, that is a large portion of each winter, thousands of the migratory workers inhabiting Chicago's "Hobohemia" abstain from food either totally for days or in part. It is not, however, the regulated, intelligent, purposeful, voluntary sort of abstention called "fasting" but that dreaded, fear-haunted, involuntary kind called "going hungry."

It was a weird sensation to read "The Fasting Cure," and to hear at the same time the tales of the hungry as they patrolled the borderland of starvation.

As I go west on Madison Street each evening when through with my day's work I am often approached by men looking for a little assistance, too often to help all. I felt like telling the first one who "hit" me after I had read "The Fasting Cure," what a great benefit to his general health his empty stomach was. But I happened to catch his eye and there I saw something that made me remember Mr. Sinclair's mention of the danger of fear in fasting. Silently I fished a quarter from my pocket. As he hastened on I thought, "The Fasting Cure holds no message for such as he."

The Fasting Cure, By Upton Sinclair, Published By Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, Calif.

THE SWEET AND LOVELY SOUTH

By GEORGE MORESBY

EVEN in these days of disillusionment, the Northern and Western public still largely accepts at face value the tradition that the South is a hospitable region; that the real people there—the "better class of whites"—are a generous people. "Dixie" is still applauded when played by Northern orchestras. And despite the inroads which prohibition is making on oratory, speeches continue to be made before rotary clubs and chautauquas glorifying the South for its "snowy fields of cotton, its magnificent race horses, its beautiful women, and its chivalrous men."

But the "sweet and lovely South" is a myth. Instead it is a shadowy land. Chattel slavery has been done away with below the Mason-and-Dixon line, but something worse has taken its place—the system of farm tenancy under which the average black man is not better off than when he was a slave, and the poor white farmer is on the same level with the black. Rule of caste predominates, the Ku Klux Klan in many places seeks to compel all persons to think alike, and in the mill villages the owners regulate the lives of their employes in all things.

Frank Tannenbaum has recently made an extensive tour of the South, observing, questioning, weighing values. He has done a good job of depicting Southern life in a book, "Darker Phases of



the South," in which he deals chiefly with the KKK, the virtual burial of Anglo-Saxons, prisons, and the single crop.

Ku Klux Engendered in Monotony

Tannenbaum sees the Ku Klux Klan as an expression of war hatred engendered in the monotonous existence of small town life. "It gives the small town a daily drama," he declares. "It takes him who has lived an uneventful life, and who is nobody in particular, and makes something of him. It gives him a purpose; makes him a soldier in a cause. The very existence of the KKK is proof of emotional infancy. It would not be possible in a community where the people lived full, interesting, varied lives."

Tannenbaum views the Klan as a danger not because the motives of those in it are evil, but because their motives are sincere—hysterically sincere.

Good, sturdy Anglo-Saxon stock is in the mill towns—the orators boast that the best blood in the country flows in the veins of the mill workers. The towns in which they live are owned by their employers, who elect the municipal officials and pay the policemen. Each house is like the next. The mill owners watch over their employes, and keep the villages moral—if any of the workers "go wrong" they are turned out of town. Many villages are so moral that other villages have been settled almost exclusively by "gone wrong" people who have thus been exiled.

Mill workers stay in the mill towns, and marry their own kind. Tannenbaum objected to one employer that all this sameness of life tended to destroy everything beautiful and worth while in human life-interest beyond the immediate. The employer replied:

"But we keep the family together. In the world at large the family would drift apart. The children would go from their parents; they would marry away from home; the family would be destroyed."

When Tannenbaum repeated his statement and pointed out that the employer's reply was beside the point, that it was the complete submersion of a population that the former was talking about, the mill owner said solemnly: "You don't mean to tell me that you advocate the destruction of the family, do you?"

Tenancy is increasing in all cotton areas, Tannenbaum reports. The farmer wants money, the tenant wants money, the cropper wants money, and in their efforts to get it, each increases his burden of debt. The single crop makes the farmer dependent upon a money income. His money, however, comes but once a year, and so he has to borrow against his crop. Failure of a crop or over-production leaves him in debt.

Men in Chains Under the Sun

Terrible but undeniable cruelties to human beings are set forth in the chapter on prisons—convicts whipped and tortured, men building roads under the hot sun with heavy chains upon their ankles, men sleeping chained together in cages with tin roofs, healthy prisoners bathing in the same tub with diseased men, prisoners going to sleep so hungry that they wake up trying to feed themselves in their sleep. In Georgia, straps in the prisons weighing from five to nine pounds. It was with such a strap that Martin Tabert was beaten to death in a Florida convict lumber camp. In Alabama, the convict lease system. In Georgia, negro women stripped to the waist and placed in stocks while being whipped. . . . A chapter to stir any decent man or woman to anger.

There is one unfortunate defect in this book, which must be charged to laziness either on the part of Tannenbaum or of his publishers. The prison chapter at least was originally an article published in Century magazine, and in the Century all of the atrocities detailed were cited without any mention of the states in which they occurred. Presumably the Century was afraid of libel suits, and thus Tannenbaum's report on prisons was robbed of most of its value.

One might expect, however, that he would rewrite the article before it went into a book, and supply the missing information in the context, or at least supply footnotes containing it. Instead of that, all of this missing data on prisons and numerous afterthoughts on the other chapters, appear as an appendix. This means that one must turn to the back of the volume sixty times to get the information omitted from the forty-five pages in the prison chapter.

Darker Phases of the South, by Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

GANGWAY FOR THE WORKERS

By CARD No. 794514

"Platz Dem Arbeiter" (Room for the Workers) is printed in German but you don't have to know German to understand it. It is filled with pictures, even the cover is crowded with them, showing labor, hypnotized, deluded Labor, going off to war with flowers stuck in the rifle muzzles; and coming back home with flowers too, spread out over coffins. There are a few photographs of victims of master class warfare, men with great holes in the sides of their faces, and eyes, noses, and mouths strangely

distorted and remodeled by the freakish action of shrapnel and high explosive.

Minor's famous cartoon "The Fatherland Calls" is given a place of honor. It shows a helmeted skeleton leading off a new recruit, chatting friendly like with him, undoubtedly filling his heart with great love for his native flag and his own master class.

The book is dedicated to the new culture, the proletarian civilization that is coming into being through the decadence and collapse of Occidental Bourgeois civilization. The opinion of the author as to how this newer and better world will emerge from the shell of the old is set forth by a cartoon which shows a big dog, fat and ugly, sitting in front of a sausage much desired by a half dozen starved little pups. The big dog says, "Now children, see this sausage. If you should take it away from me, that would be Revolution. But if you wait until I eat the sausage, that would be Evolution."

Platz Dem Arbeiter, By Julian Gumperz, First Year Book, Der Malik Verlag, Berlin.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of **The Industrial Pioneer**, published monthly at Chicago, Ill. for April 1, 1924.
State of Illinois)
County of Cook) ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared **Emily Hayes**, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the **Business Manager** of **The Industrial Pioneer** and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of publisher: **Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.**

Name of Editor: **James Lance, 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.**

Name of Managing Editor: **James Lance, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

Name of Business Manager: **Emily Hayes, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

2. That the owner is: **Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**, Tom Doyle, General Secretary-Treasurer, **1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**; Joe Fisher, Chairman, General Executive Board, **1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: **None**.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

**Emily Hayes,
Business Manager.**

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1924.

[SEAL]

J. Levinson, Notary.
(My commission expires Feb. 14, 1927.)

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



Editorial



OIL AND GRAFT

THE entire civilized world is gasping with amazement at the revelations of graft that have taken place recently in Washington. About half of the Coolidge cabinet is stuck in the dirty mess; Coolidge is implicated; and even President Harding's corpse in its honored tomb in his own home town seems to be somewhat spotted. There is evidence that the living Harding had at least guilty knowledge of what was going on, when his departmental secretaries accepted one hundred thousand dollar bribes in return for the small favor of granting out to private oil companies several millions of dollars worth of government land, at a tenth of its value. Moreover, the Harding family shared in the dope graft, in Federal penitentiaries.

By such people we are governed, jailed and enjoined not to strike!

And lest anybody take too much comfort in the clean-up that is going on at present, let us point out that the senator most concerned with the exposure is Wheeler of Montana, and he is an oil company attorney!

The whole investigation seems to be merely the result of bad faith on the part of some of the chief servants of capitalism. Two great forces struggled for mastery in the United States, after the defeat of the small capitalist, and the submergence of the farmer. These two giant forces or cliques were the Rockefeller family with their oil and banking companies and the Morgan family with their railroad and banking companies. They fought for mastery, for the right to favor themselves, with laws that would injure their rivals, for the right to use the army and navy in their interests, and against the interests of their rivals. In the course of the battle they were both so badly injured that they made peace, and divided the government offices.

Now it is understood, by all who think, that in America big business is the government. Big business puts into office such men as will not obey their oath of office, nor administer justice, nor permit free speech to workers, nor preserve neutrality in strikes. In other words, big business needs and has in the highest governmental offices in the land social burglars, crooks and sneaks, liars and careerists. Any other sort of man would not be a good man for big business.

But there is little honor among thieves, and there was also Sinclair and Doheney. These own independent oil companies, that have crept up under the wing of the Standard Oil, and now, probably

by English and Dutch gold, have bought the Standard Oil cabinet right out from under Rockefeller's nose.

When Rockefeller and Morgan wrote the "My dear Senator" letters of a decade ago, they had nothing against corruption in high office. But for these master thieves, such corruption is no longer necessary, or advisable. They buy political parties before election and rely on party discipline to keep men in line afterwards. The whole trouble in this case is that Daugherty and Denby, Weeks, and perhaps even Harding, didn't stay bought. Having sold themselves to Rockefeller in his sphere, and to Morgan in his sphere, they dared to sell themselves again to the fly-by-night Sinclair and Doheny, upstart adventurers, given to the crude old method of dodging up a dark alley with a suitcase full of greenbacks, and buying the influence they need, directly. Such stuff outrages the now respectable Rockefeller dynasty. The living Rockefellers feel towards it exactly as a successful wholesale bootlegger feels towards a second-story man. It's crude, and it hurts business. It weakens the entire capitalist class, and justice must prevail against it. Hence a senatorial investigation.

Keep your eyes open, Fellow Workers, and learn what you can. It's a revelation in the art of government in a capitalist country. But put not your trust in Wheeler, Borah, or La Follette. Put your trust in yourselves. The gentry in Washington have nothing to offer you, aside from a lesson. The moral of it is that cash, control of the industries, ability to distribute the surplus value, is the ruling power. Since there are several factions of capitalists, there is just now some lively tilting at each other among them—but taken as a class they rule you. They are fighting now among themselves for a certain right or privilege. It is the right to the first chance to rob you. The loser will have to take what the winner leaves behind. But both will take it from you. Both will want to shoot you, if you go on strike—they are capitalists first, and members of capitalist factions secondly.

It is not to your advantage to try to decide which of these bold robbers shall get the lion's share of the spoil you contribute. It is to your advantage to cut them off from the spoil altogether, to keep for yourselves the whole net value of your product. The first step in this direction is the organization of powerful industrial unions, class unions, revolutionary unions. When the working class is organized, it will take the wealth for itself, that is now used to bribe senators and members of the President's cabinet. Then graft will cease—and not before.

Brickbats and Bouquets

MARAT MAKES A FRIEND

Fellow Worker Editor:—I have just finished looking over the April Pioneer. It is good stuff, well turned out as the leading working class magazine ought to be. I was especially pleased with the article by Marat.—Card 814270.

IT MADE A HIT HERE

Fellow Worker James Lance:—I have just finished reading the April Industrial Pioneer, and believe me, it was a great joy to see such an up-to-date magazine. The IWW writers can't be beat. The most interesting articles, in my opinion, were "510's Fresh Water Campaign," by a Lake Sailor, "A House and A Castle," by Eva B. Pillsbury, "Crossing the Mason-Dixon Line," "Sunk by Scabs," by James Lance, "Experience versus Thinking," by J. H. Larsh, and best of all, "The Age-Long Struggle," by J. A. McDonald. Well, all power to the Pioneer. I will do my best for the spreading of the circulation of the Pioneer. It can't be beat.—B. M. K.

BRIGHTENS DARK CALIFORNIA

Redding, Calif., April 3, 1924.

Dear Sirs:—Please find enclosed 25 cents for Pioneer for April. I sure like it. Fine. I hope to be with you soon, as it is the only way out of slavery. I remain a friend.—E. Starrine.

P. S.—Please send me the Worker also. I will send you 5 cents extra.

LET GOD DO IT

Of course we get a brickbat now and then. This is the sort of thing that stands in the way of workers' control of industry. The following letter is from Chicago:

I. W. W.: I got your Industrial Pioneer and give it right away to American Legion and if they don't punish you God will shame on you! I work in steel mills and work hard and me and wife and eight kids got purty hard time but we got more ideals in minit than you lazies got all your life and I am for God and Holy Catholic Church and America First and Poland and not just hours and wages if I can do it you can shame on you!—L. Satkowski.

The comments on this page refer to the April Pioneer, edited by Fellow Worker James Lance, who deserves all credit for editing and make-up. Readers of Industrial Pioneer will be pleased to hear that Fellow Worker Justus Ebert is now nearly recovered from his illness, and expects to return to the editorship on May 5. This assures us all that the splendid features which have earned the Pioneer a high place in the estimation of class conscious workers will be continued. Everybody get behind the Pioneer and keep the circulation up!—Vern Smith, Editor Pro Tem.

OIL WORKERS FOR IT

The following resolution, called "Resolution No. 18," was adopted at the Oklahoma City Conference of Oil Workers' Industrial Union No. 230 of the IWW.

* * *

Whereas, The Industrial Pioneer is our most demanded publication, and

Whereas, It is an up-to-date, well edited and highly illustrated magazine, and

Whereas, Casper, Wyo., and Oklahoma City, Okla., news stand dealers handle said magazine, and

Whereas, These news stands are permanent salesmen and get the people of all phases of life; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the membership of OWIU 230 go on record to do our utmost to secure news dealers in all cities in the oil belt to handle the Industrial Pioneer; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to all branches of OWIU 230 and to secretaries-treasurers of all industrial unions and also to the editor of the Industrial Pioneer to be published in the Industrial Pioneer and the IWW papers. 719,-475.—Carried.

No. 744, Missing in Action

(Continued from page 32)

decided to accept it if it will pay enough to enable me to keep a home for my children and to keep them in school."

"Well," he replied, pulling the contract from his pocket, "here is the contract. It specifies that, 'For a consideration of thirty dollars a month and free house rent for a period of ten years from date, Mary Brown agrees to relinquish all claims, real or imaginary, against the Queermanhogging Coal Co. and does further promise to render faithful service to the company in the capacity of charwoman for the duration of that period.' Then followed a lot of legal phrases and places for names of witnesses.

Mrs. Brown accepted the terms and signed the contract. A few days later her household goods were moved to a two-room shack in the part of camp known as Hunkytown, from the fact that nearly all the people in that end of the camp are Slavonians, and there she lives to this day. If you ever visit the camp you will see her washing spittoons, scrubbing floors, or washing windows around the company's store, hotel or offices, and if you will ask her she may whisper to you as the tears steal down her withered cheeks, the story of little Bobby—No. 744, Missing in Action.